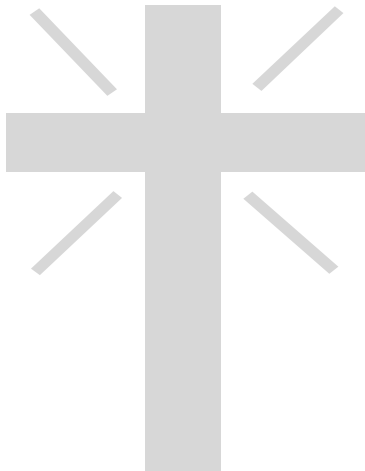


MARY

Daughter of Elohim

The Gospel According to Mary



Brian and Jenny Cocksey

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Enigmas of Easter

or

The Gospel According to Mary

Palestine, Long Ago

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PART 1 - Origins

IN the beginning, I did not set out to write this book, or any book for that matter. I suffered a traumatic train of events in my personal life. Everything was turned upside down. For the first time in my life, I felt a need to write things down. I had to; it was the only way to keep track of what was happening. As it transpired, the notebooks were to become an abbreviated diary, the journal of my research into the paranormal. It is a daily record of communications, ideas, coincidences and of uncanny connections, now stretching back over twenty-two years and thirty-three hundred notebooks. It is almost like one for every single year back to the time of Akhenaten.

One day in mid-1985 I became aware of what could perhaps most simply be described as an inner voice. I could not hear it with my ears, yet I was aware of the words coming into my mind as I wrote. I was aware of Something that could not be 'me'. I wrote down the words. They were not 'my' words. Although the words were in my mind, they came not from within, but from without. This was my first experience of an 'outside' intelligence.

We had rented a caravan just to the west of Conway where the hills of Snowdonia begin their rise from the sea. It was a beautiful but rugged spot, and lonely at that time of the year. At times Jenny was quite distressed and would burst into tears for no apparent reason. She started talking in her sleep. I heard the words she said with a mounting puzzlement. The words did not make sense. "I knew

they'd take him.... I knew they'd take him..." She kept repeating it over and over and over again. Then, gradually, she began to say other things. I wrote down the words.

I began to realise it could not be Jenny talking. The words that Jenny said repeatedly were perfectly clear. I do not know why, but suddenly an idea came into my mind. Perhaps it was put there. Could it be Mary Magdalen... ? Suddenly the words began to make sense. Over the next few weeks Mary came again and again. What pervaded her words was an overwhelming sense of sadness, occasionally lifted as Mary remembered the happy times she had spent with Christ. But so often the sadness returned as she came back to his death.

The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that events had somehow been orchestrated to lead us to a place akin to the wild places of Galilee to trigger the link to Mary. It was in such lonely hills beside the lake that Mary had spent much of her time with Christ. Over the following few weeks, most of this book came to us there on the coast of North Wales, with the hills on the one side and the steel grey waters of Liverpool Bay on the other. On occasion, the light of the sun broke through the clouds, bringing a pool of light in the darkness on the face of the deep. It was just as Mary described.

That is how this book came to be written. At the end of Mary's story, I have added a further section to try to relate Mary's words to the various differing texts of the New Testament gospels and other sources which tell us of the life of Christ. Later sections approach the question of the authentication of Mary's story in a totally different,

indeed unique way. Over subsequent years, the curious phenomenon of meaningful coincidence has been caused to authenticate Mary's story by direct correlation with later events in my own life. But the implications of these coincidences are significant for all. The purpose behind Mary's speaking to us at this point in the history of mankind will gradually become clear to the reader.

You may wonder how Mary Magdalen can link to Jenny's mind and why she should speak in English rather than Aramaic or even Hebrew, which incidentally was no longer a spoken language, even in her day. She uses English because it is the Latin of the modern world. English is the nearest thing there is to a 'world language'. In any case, there would be little point in her speaking in the dialect of her day so that the 'experts' could argue forever over what she might or might not mean through words whose exact meanings are lost in the mists of antiquity. Do the spirits learn and develop? Evidence is presented in some of our other books that suggests that they do. Is that how Mary can speak to us in English?

The Source of Intelligence, which guided the spirit of this woman of old to come to us, chooses to have her speak in a language which a very large proportion of the world's population can understand today. English is the world's most widely spoken language. It does not require an arcane knowledge of an ancient tongue. Nor does it assume any Kabbalistic learning. The plain text is there, in clear, for all to read. However, the order of the various communications has been changed and made as sequential as possible to make it easier for the reader to follow Mary's story.

As you read this book, you may realise that, in important respects, her story is at odds with the Gospel accounts; but then if you read the various Gospel accounts carefully, you will find that they are at odds with each other in many important details. Thomas Paine, in *The Age of Reason*, gives an interesting analysis of the manifold contradictions to be found in both Old and New Testaments. I have yet to meet a priest who has read *The Age of Reason*. It is a pity, because it is a well-considered book; but it raises difficult questions as far as ‘Gospel Truth’ is concerned.

Why should this woman be sent to us if it was only to lie? Is her story any less reliable than the canonical gospels which were written down between 60 and 150 years after the events they describe? At least she invokes no miracles to stretch credulity to the limits and beyond.

I am a scientist by training. My first degree at Worcester College, Oxford, was in chemistry and my second, at Wolfson College, was in chemical physics. Chemistry is concerned with the study of matter, and physics with the study of energy, the laws of space and time. For my D.Phil. I studied the energy release in the interaction of light with matter. So, my background is not that of a mystic. Now I study the interaction of a different kind of ‘light’ with matter, the illumination of the mind that comes from without. Is it coincidence? Or is it my Destiny?

Even after more than two decades investigating the paranormal, I am still trying to understand, to seek the truth.

Having observed how these words came to us and, having experienced so many conventionally inexplicable things since, I am now convinced of the reality of these phenomena. The only logical explanation lies in sources of intelligence beyond space and time. The sources of intelligence are non-material and appear somehow to link to God. The survival of discarnate, individual spirits of the dead would seem to be a real phenomenon, worthy of genuinely open-minded scientific investigation.

After you have read this book, read Volume 2 of Enigmas of Easter, The Alpha and Omega Codes. That book sets out the original research which authenticates the true Gospel of Mary Magdalen. It will become clear why her story, the true story of 'The Messiah' has been given to us now, at this time in the history of mankind. You will perhaps be able to see how her Gospel is a critical detail in a much broader canvas, a totally new kind of evidence for the existence of God.

The question of the existence of God is not just a matter for faith. It is also a matter for science.

15th July 2006

8.19.46

Introduction

THE story of Christ needs little introduction. But this is the story with a difference. It is the story stripped of the myth and magic with which both the church and the canonical books of the New Testament have surrounded him. It is Christ, the man, as seen through the eyes of the woman who loved him; but she also loved God who they called Elohim.

Some interesting details emerge about Christ's parents, his early life, and his friendship with Mary as a child. Her story paints a vivid picture of life in Palestine two thousand years ago, and of the lot of women in particular.

This is the tragic story of a good man trying to make men understand about God; men who preferred religion to God because it fits more comfortably into the established social framework. It is a story of men who knew he spoke the truth but who dared not stand out from the crowd. Then there were his uncertain friends, the disciples; and in all of this was his one certain friend and follower, his wife. The story ends with his death at the hands of the establishment as a sacrifice to their false god, the god of sacrifices.

Times may have changed, but only as far as outward appearance goes. Man has changed but little, and that little is in the wrong direction. His nature goes from bad to worse. Christ's work was in

vain. Mary's words have power, but it is not the power of the 'divine feminine'. They are not the words of a rampant feminist, the archetype of the 'Goddess'. No, her words have the power of truth. Read what Mary has to say, for it has a relevance for everyone in the world today.

Find out what Christ really thought and said. We call him 'Christ' for want of a better name. We do not know his name; nor does anybody else. *Christos* - the XQ of the Greek – seems the best one to use. But for all that he is the central Enigma of Easter.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted
Shall I never be confounded

Brian and Jenny Cocksey

28th April 2005

12.53 pm

PART 2 - An Enigma

IT was a long time ago

She had been to draw water to serve her man

There was a small fire in the desert

With a donkey beside it

There was just her and this beautiful man

They loved.....

I felt safe with him but he puzzled me

An enigma

He seemed to change

He'd be stern, very stern

Next minute sweep me in his arms

We would laugh and laugh

It hurt so much

Always knowing it was going to end

My loving him

Just loving him

Being freed once more from what I'd been

I was just a whore

Just a filthy whore

I hated that - what I'd been

A squalid mattress on the floor
Sheep were there.....
I was used - I used them

Something drove me
Again and again and again
I knew it was wrong but I couldn't stop it
I felt so ashamed

Sometimes they hurt
They hurt so terribly
They didn't care

Somehow I didn't care
I wanted that
The pain made it all right
If I felt pain it was a punishment from God
Because then I was hurting myself
The punishment made it all right

He was gentle - he didn't hurt
He held me - and stroked me - and loved me
He caressed every part of me
And made me feel whole again
Made me feel like a woman
I was a woman
I hadn't been a woman ever

Or even a child
Or anything in between
Then he showed me what it was like to love
And to be loved

And he showed me God
I had wronged God so much
God had given me a fine body
I had destroyed it

God punished me every time
God made me punish myself every time
He sent me terrible people
People who hurt me
Because I was doing wrong to Him

I wanted to die
I walked on the walls
I wanted to jump off
I looked down the well
It is easy to fall in when you are drawing water
God wouldn't let me die
He wanted to punish me

Other women knew I was different
They shunned me
I had no friends

And no mother really
I couldn't talk to anybody
Just went more and more and more wrong
I knew it was wrong
But didn't know how to stop

Soldiers and Tax Collectors

ONE day he came

I was sitting on a rock, crying

He came and talked to me and said

"Woman! Why are you crying?"

He put his arm around me and comforted me

On the side of a hill

Lots of rocks sticking out

Goats and goatherds nearby

Sparse grass - some hills behind

Mountains, snow

We sat there

He strengthened me

I was afraid

He was so strong

He loved me but I was afraid

His love was stronger than the fear

He loved me again

Longer, longer

And he drove out the fear

And God smiled

There had been dark clouds

God smiled from behind
They went silver and the sun came out
Goats had been rushing for shelter
They started feeding again
The sun shone on the lake
A lake down there

He didn't judge
What I told him was terrible
Absolutely terrible
He didn't judge
But stroked my hair

We stayed there until night came
Then an old place where sheep shelter - a little fold
He took me there
And laid his robe down gently
We slept and we loved

I was so frightened
He loved me
And loved the fears out
He's a beautiful man - unlike any other man

All rough soldiers - and tax collectors - and evil people
They think they are great
They just used me

They just took me when they wanted
And I didn't want it
I screamed
They were like animals
Even the goats were better

These men were like donkeys
They took pride in themselves
Like a donkey does when he wants a female

They took me
Soldiers came
And they all took me
Again and again and again

They laughed
And thought it was funny
Stuck spears in the fire and tormented me

He made it all right this morning
I loved that man
But - they took him away!

And the goats - they saw us loving
Because we were in their place where they shelter
But they didn't mind

We stayed there
Three days and nights we stayed there
We loved
And he protected me and sheltered me
He made me whole again
Made me a woman
Made me a young girl

Showed me God
God forgave me
I could not have forgiven myself

Alone Together

I loved that man
I loved him
They were beautiful days together
He was so close
God drew us very close
He was so gentle
And so beautiful
I loved him

And he loved me
That was always a wonder to me
Because nobody had loved me
I was just kicked around

Yet He loved me
I could never understand why He loved me
He saw inside me a good person
And I'd only ever seen a bad person
Whom God had to punish

I'm glad I didn't jump down the well
A bad thing to do anyway
You poison the water for everyone else
I remember when a sheep fell down the well
And we couldn't use it

We had to go so far for water
The other women didn't like me
They were jealous
Even when I was a whore they were jealous

Then, when they saw this man cared
They didn't like it
Because they were afraid of him
They became afraid of me

They wouldn't speak with me when I came to the well
They would go away and come back later
Even the children were taught not to come near me
I don't know if they thought he was just another bad
man

It was all right to be a whore in some ways
But not to go off with someone else
Someone who was strange
Whom everyone didn't like
Better to have stayed a whore
They could understand that
They couldn't understand me following that man

We climbed the mountain
Looking over God's Land
We laughed

He said I couldn't climb fast enough
I was strong
He was faster and fitter
He kept teasing me
We embraced on top of the mountain
And God smiled
Then the clouds came up
With the top of the mountain
Sticking through the top of the clouds
Like being in heaven
Looking down on top of the clouds

I was cold
But he warmed me
Then the clouds went away
The sun shone on the sea
That was beautiful

I loved that man
He is a beautiful man
And I loved him

They took him away
They hurt him!

I hurt him too
I hurt him a lot

I felt so bad when I hurt him

When I hurt him I wanted to hurt myself

I wanted to hurt myself badly

As punishment

But if I had hurt myself I would have hurt him

Sometimes he hurt me

He would punish me

Sometimes he turned away from me

I never knew why

He needed to be alone I think

I needed him so much

Mostly he loved me

Mostly he did

When they took him away I was so tired

I wanted to be with him

I just wanted to go to be with him

Oh God!

Thy Will be done!

Childhood Memories – Remember?

THERE is so much I need to tell you

So many years...

They were very happy years

You were my brother, friend

There was the warmth

An autumn sun

The eternal summer of childhood

A summer of grapes

Grapes hanging on a vine

All full and black

We nearly made ourselves sick

Stealing and eating them

A man got angry and chased us away

Do you remember?

I remember when I cut myself

I tripped on a jagged rock and fell flat on my face

And I cried just like a girl

And you teased me

And you consoled me too because you knew it hurt

But I was very happy

Do you remember the old man?

He used to talk with us
And we were half frightened of him

A very long white beard
He had to use a stick
He would sit on that rock
Just looking out over the valley
Remembering his life

We were so fascinated
He seemed so old and wise
And we were told not to go near him
But we always did
And talked with him
He had a beautiful smile under his beard

What was it he said?
"Youth shall follow old age"

He had had a long life
And I think he was pleased that we talked with him
Because no-one else would
I don't know why he was an outcast
But they didn't like him
He seemed a holy man to me

There were always sheep around

I remember when they had their young ones
We found one hurt with its leg trapped
You freed it

God was good to us
Childhood is such a long time
Yet such a short time

There were flowers everywhere
We'd pick them and make them into little posies
You wove them together and made garlands for my
hair
How beautiful I was, you said
The sun came from the side - I was all golden
I felt like God's child from that moment

There was so much work to do as well
But we always got it done quickly to be together

I didn't like getting water
All the girls they jostled
I never felt right with it
They liked it - gossiped and talked

They teased me
Because I wanted to spend time with you
Girls didn't spend much time with boys

But I wanted to spend the time with you
You were my brother
My only friend

They called our mothers sisters
Not quite sisters
They were once apart from sisters
And they didn't approve of our friendship
They didn't like each other
There was a lot of jealousy in the town
And your mother had a good husband
And my mother had none
But your parents didn't really like me
Because I had no father
Because I was always ragged
Always had to work
You didn't mind
You were good to me
And you didn't mind that I had to bring my baby
around
Carried on my hip
My mother couldn't look after her
She was my responsibility
She was heavy
Sometimes you would carry her for me
Then you would play with her

But as she got older she stayed behind
Because she was too heavy to carry
I resented having to take her everywhere with me
Remember when she tried to eat the stones?
We had trouble taking them out of her mouth
She was sitting beside us when we were talking
And she choked

She was always grubby
I tried to wash her sometimes
But she crawled around in the dirt

We were poor
And you seemed well-off
Your father had good work
You had a nice house
Your family was highly thought of
I remember when your servant chased me away
She threw a dish of water at me
Told me to "Go away, little vagabond"
I was not to come to your house

But when we took the donkey
We went off together
Far away
All those beautiful days
And the days before

Days without care
Before the storms came
The black clouds and the hailstorms
Remember?
And we were frightened
The wind - and it broke down the towns

I don't know why your family moved away
There was some talk that things were not right

But you left
You were gone - just like that!
You didn't have time to say goodbye

It was very strange
Your servants would say nothing
They left one or two in the house
The house was empty for a bit

All Alone

IT broke my heart
I became ill - I didn't eat
My mother was angry
It was no way for a daughter to behave

She was rude about your family
She would never say why you went
There was some scandal
She was angry that I felt for you
There was some disgrace
That she didn't want me bound up in

I walked along a path
Walked in the hills
Just kicking the stones in front of me
But you weren't there

It was never the same
I was still poor as before
Still hungry
Still had to work
But there was no joy
No-one to lift my burden

No-one to make me smile

And to love
I had no friends at all
My mother
She was tired all the time
She didn't seem to care
She did care
But she was too tired

My sister and me
We - we exhausted her
She had to work so hard
To get money to eat
She was a good woman - I suppose

A Whore

THEY went away
He didn't know they were going
Didn't say goodbye - they just went
The whole family
I missed him

I don't know how old I was
Nine, ten?
I had no friends after that
He'd always been my friend

I didn't like girls much
All prim - trying to be little mothers
After that - everything went wrong
So wrong

I don't know what happened
I wasn't good
Men came
I don't know why men came

I don't know where my mother was
She wasn't there
She was never there
She worked hard

But I couldn't get close to her
It was horrible
The pain
I couldn't escape
I couldn't do anything
I couldn't even cry out
I choked

I was alone when it came
A pain....
Such pain.....
It didn't live

I thought I would die
I wished God would take me for my sins
I'd done wrong
He punished me
He took my baby

It didn't cry out
Alone.....
It came so suddenly
I couldn't get back for help

Oh, God
The pain...
Oh, God!

Just the sheep
I was in their pen to shelter from the wind

He came back
He came back one day
I was so ashamed

I hurt when he went
I wanted to wait for him
I knew he would come back

And I hadn't waited
I promised him
I'd always marry him
When we were children

I hadn't waited
And God had punished me

He was so gentle
He kissed my tears
Said I was still his
I was his forever
But I knew he would go away again

He made me better
He kissed the pain in my mind

Soothed the pain in my body
Gave me back my soul

He loved me in spite of everything
I know God sent him for me
But why?
We had fun just like before
He taught me such a lot about loving and laughing
Taught me not to be afraid
I was always afraid of every knock on the door at night
Afraid of being taken
Thrown down behind the stone and taken

Oh, I - like an animal

They knew me, they said
They said that was all I wanted
I didn't want it

They said they knew me
I didn't know them

They came
Faces covered
Knifepoint to my stomach
But I couldn't see their faces
Then they took me

I could never hold my head up high
I was a failure
No husband
No child
A whore

Anyone that came to town
They said "Go up that hill there
"That's the house you want
"That's where you will find her"

A whore

A Lost Child

WHY were women so despised?
Often they cared better for their donkeys
And their donkeys are just beasts of burden
And then they came and used you

Oh - and I didn't want that ever again
Not ever again
I pray to God to let me forget....
Not ever again....

That destroyed me
That damaged me
I was no longer whole
I couldn't bear a child
Because they had damaged me they made me lose one

I was so happy about the baby
They made me lose it
I was alone
The pain was terrible
I knew it was God
God took the baby away because I was not a good
person
It fell out of my body because I had been misused

I hurt - they hurt me so badly
And later...
Later the pain started
I never seemed to have another after that
I think God must have been angry
Because I allowed them to use me

Oh...
Oh...Oh...
And I wanted a child so badly

There had only been my sister
But then you have to look after your sister
That is different

She was fun to play with
And we had fun together
Playing with her when she was little
But when I was older I always wanted a child of my
own
A child I could talk to and be friends with
And share with

I didn't want to....
I didn't want to treat my child like a servant
Because that is what children seemed

But God didn't want it
And who am I to go against what God wants?
I had gone against what God wanted
And God had been angry
But I think He still loved me
God always loved me
Yes - God always loved me

Noli Me Tangere

THERE was a great clamouring
In the market place
And throngs of people
They were all shouting and arguing
Arguing about....."Isn't this the man?"

When you came back
And they didn't like what you had been saying
"The one who had left town"
That "You were your father's son"
And you were saying things they didn't like
And I heard

And you sought me out
And you found me
And you spoke to me

With all the terrible changes
I was no longer your pure sister
No - I had sinned
The only way I could live
But I had sinned
Better to have starved than to have sinned

But you understood

You accepted me
And you still loved me
You sought me out in that house
You sought me out in my shame

And I could not bear to put my eyes upon you
I was so ashamed
I could not bear for you to touch me
How I wanted it
But I was so ashamed

"Don't touch me
"Oh, please don't touch me because I am so unclean"
"Look at me
"Oh, I have sinned"
"How I have done wrong before God"

"Oh, please don't touch me
"I want you so much but don't touch me
"I cannot bear it
"I have done wrong"

But you - you led me gently away
You took me from that place
Oh I loved you for it
You were so gentle
You wiped away my tears

And you kissed me Such a chaste kiss
And I cried tears of shame
And you loved me
In spite of everything you loved me

Nobody else had ever loved me
My mother was too tired to love me
My father - I never knew him
And my sister -
She just needed me when she was little

But you loved me and you took me as your wife
We had no ceremony
I couldn't really be your wife in law

But I was your wife in love
I shared the beauty of your body
I'd never known that before
Such tenderness - you cared about me

All I had before...
I was so wrong
You loved me
You loved me

Praise be to God!

Little Magda

AND he found me

He knew

He felt my pain

And he talked of when we were little

Of all our hopes

Of how we sat throwing stones into the lake

The plop and the ripple

I was going to have lots of children

Planned all their names

He never said what he would do

He was very mysterious

They thought he would do what his father did

Like everybody

He said "No"

But didn't say what he would do

We kicked our way through the pebbles

Just shrugged his shoulders and said "We'll see"

He was good at skipping stones across the water

He taught me

Sometimes it was too windy, too many waves

And you couldn't do that

He showed me how it
Should be with a man
I'd always been afraid
I wasn't afraid any more
I just wanted to love him - he was beautiful

The hills were beautiful at sunset, almost purple
Shepherds bringing in sheep into the fields
We would sit
And watch night coming.....soft
The stars were beautiful
We would lie on our backs
And watch them go across the sky
Then we'd make love

It was so beautiful to make love with him
He was so gentle
So beautifully gentle

Strange...I felt he was the first
The only one - yet there had been so many
I couldn't count them all
I never knew them all
Yet it was as though there was just one
Just one man

He teased me - called me his little Magda

He loved me - stroked my face
I felt so safe, perfectly safe with him
His arms right round me
And we laughed a lot

Bankruptcy

I was sad

He couldn't go back

We couldn't go back because it was wrong

He felt it was wrong

He said it was wrong

He didn't like what they did

They went away

When he was older he understood why they went away

It was to do with the moneylenders

They'd come

And he didn't like it

He saw the poor people

And how they lived

And the house still stayed there

Even after they went

I don't know who lived there

It was some wealthy person

From another place

It was quite secret after that

We never saw them

I never saw his father again after they went away

I didn't like him
I didn't like him
He always made me afraid
When I used to go there
He would look down on me
Ask me what I wanted, "Child"
He made me afraid
I never saw him again

His mother looked very worn
She never came back to our town either
She lived nearby
And he was a good son to her
I saw her a couple of times or more
She looked very drawn
It had been a hard time for her

We lay together
And he said he could never go back
That it was wrong

The only right thing was God
God and the land
God in the hills
Not God in the towns
People threw God out of the towns
Just as they do now

We spent a lot of time in the hills
I love those hills
Up high - so close to God
I looked out on the water
The high hills behind
There was God
The whole sky was filled
With the Glory of God
The bright light
Like angels singing
Everything was vibrant
Oh God, It is so wonderful!

We walked a long way
He said the way to do God's work
Was to go among the people

And the people would understand
Some of them...
Those that didn't understand
It didn't matter

It didn't matter because God only wanted
Those who would understand
Those who wanted God

Most people turned him away

He talked with the people
They thought he was crazy
They didn't like it either
Because I think some knew he wasn't crazy

They recognised there was something in what he said
It made them deeply afraid
Deeply afraid

He walked in the Light of his Father
And I walked with him wherever we went
Like a pool of light shining from Heaven
Surrounding us
So beautiful

We loved each other so much
God smiled upon us
And God spoke to us
God said we must be strong to do His Work

God was sad
Because His World was not what He liked
Man was throwing Him out of his heart
Out of his life

He saw the children
And he gathered them together

The children liked him
Sometimes they'd follow us
He'd sit and tell them stories
They were beautiful
Sitting with young eager faces
Life was hard for most of them

Then their parents wouldn't allow them to come
They shunned him
Some would make an opportunity to come
They would have to sneak out
But they were not allowed to come and talk freely with
us

Doors would close
I think most people hated us
They certainly hated him
There were a few of them
A very few
Who would talk with us

Down by the lake
There was an old woman
Two or three of us
He talked with them
They understood what God wanted
And God shone upon them too

God is shining now
I feel God all around me

God would often talk to me in the hills
He'd help me understand
I understood my shame
Even the shame...
I knew I had to work for God
God had gone out of my life

When I was a little girl I knew Him
We both knew Him
We used to play in the sunshine
And marvel at it all

But then he went away
God wanted him to go
And everything went wrong
But underneath I remembered
I remembered him holding my hand
He smiled into my eyes
Took me
Swore to be together for always

We were children , I know
But it was more than that
Something deeper

Then he went away
God took him from me
His father had done wrong
They went away

And I failed him
I failed him
He came back stronger
Found me almost destroyed
I failed him
But he picked up the pieces
And made me whole again

He took me in his arms
And he loved me
He loved as if no man had touched me save himself
He made me clean again
Whole again

I came into the house of our Father
For he that dwelleth there
Will be made whole

Fun Times

HE had gone down the valley
To speak to the people
Gone to the shores of the lake
He needed to be with the people
To go with them and join them

But no...
He is not among them
He is in a distant city

Will you follow the sheep?

They've got a fine catch of fish today
Enough to feed all the people
It hasn't been as good as that for years
I see them as sunshine
Thousands of glinting silver fish
Nets glistening with them

We used to make boats - he and I
They were fine boats
A piece of bark, a stick, a leaf
A big leaf from one of those bushes
We raced them in the wind
They were fun times

We had such fun
He teased me
He treated me as an equal
We were just kids
A couple of scruffs

We had to work when doing our jobs in the place
But we would make time together
We spent long hours
Just kicking in the sand
Just walking around
Sitting under the trees
But always he was called to do something
We couldn't spend enough time together

He was a funny kid
He was different from the others
They were rough
He was thoughtful
He drifted into his own thoughts
Then bounced back and teased

He had a shock of hair

He teased me
And then taught me
How to ride a donkey without falling off

He'd whack it on its rump
And make it go faster

Womens' Work

I was so sad
Sometimes he hurt me
I almost hated him
But I had to follow

It helped me
It was always the same
But it was always unfair

He was fun on our own usually
Then he wouldn't take me with him
He wouldn't be seen with me
I don't know
I felt sometimes
Just for a bit....
Just like a servant

I loved him
I wanted to do things for him
Sometimes I felt just like a servant
Just because I was a woman

When we were little he'd helped
He was caring - even chivalrous
But he didn't want to show it in front of anyone else

He was a boy
It was not manly to help
He didn't want to show it
I was only a girl
But a friend too
I had the work to do
But he could roam free

It was me that had to draw water
Go down to the well
Me that had to look after my sister
Me that had to get things from the market
And help my mother clean the house

Often I was not free to go out until these had been
done
Often I had to come back because there was more to
be done
Women's work - girls' work

Sometimes I didn't have time to sit and listen to him
I wanted to but I had things to do
Other things
We had to live
Someone has to do it
And only women do these things

I was resentful
It was wrong somehow
Very wrong
Men would sit around
Drinking - talking
Important business
Women would do the work
Women could not understand
When men came home from important business
They expected food

Women had no choice at all
They bore babies
Raised them
Drew water - cleaned
Prepared food

Men talked important business
He was better than most when no-one was looking

In public I was a woman
Just a woman
I couldn't share with his friends
I was a woman - excluded
There were things I mustn't know
Because I was a woman

Men didn't want me
Women didn't want me either
I was a woman - but not
Yet I had to play the woman's part

I wanted to make food for him
Care for him
Yet it was also expected that I should
And that makes it not like a gift anymore
Just what one has to do
I wanted to tend him
I wanted him to tend me
He would when no-one was looking
But he couldn't admit or show

It was shame for a man to do a woman's work
If he had a woman
She should do it

I wanted to share his work
I couldn't - because I was a woman
All the time tending him
Washing, cleaning, drawing water

I would think whilst doing these things
I'd have a conversation in my head
And try to understand

But I still had to do them
And there was no time to learn new things
I could only think about things I knew

He didn't understand
He couldn't understand how it hurt`
I had to try to do two things at once
All the time to love him and tend him
Which I wanted to do
But it didn't leave time for anything else

But he didn't understand
He didn't understand

A Man's World

HE was angry with me
Just because I spoke to him
When I shouldn't have
He didn't want me there
And I spoke to him
And I was frightened
I didn't realise I had done wrong

I walked across the hills
There was nowhere to go
I wanted to go with him
He was angry
I didn't know why
I didn't want to walk away from him
But I had to go away

I wanted to make peace
But I had to go away
To be without him was to be nothing
I did not want to be without him
I had to make peace

But I was still hurt
Still angry
Why could he turn me away

And yet expect the womanly things of me?

I was a wife

Therefore I did things

And did that

I could approach him in the same way

I was angry

But I was only a wife

So I could not express it to him

Because he had the rights of a man

To do important business and not be disturbed

And it hurt me

It hurt me so much

I sat on a hillside and I looked out

And I wondered

Why do I submit?

Why do I give in?

I'd always given in to men

Because they were men

They wanted my body

I gave them my body

Sometimes I sold them my body

I felt ashamed

I always gave in to men

Because they were men
And I was a woman

This man was different
I wanted to give in to this man
But I also wanted to be with this man
And I couldn't be both at the same time
And I resented it
I loved him
I wanted him as a friend
As an equal
But a woman could never, never
Be equal with a man in a man's world

And it was a man's world
It was what man wanted
And woman provided it
If she didn't she was beaten like an animal
It was always the same

No woman ever tells another woman what it is like
When a woman tells her daughter...
They should tell their daughters
Then their daughters won't be beaten

And they tried to be cheerful
You see them - robed

Going about all the tasks of life
Bright colour
Lazily talking
Bearing life's burdens
But sad

All the time sad underneath because they are no-one
They don't count for anybody
Except as a possession
Somebody's wife
Somebody's mother
As soon as they are old enough
To be married off by their father
Just chattels

And yet there is no choice
Do they accept it?
Those that thought about it were disillusioned
There was nothing they could do

So mostly they got on with it
And bowed under another burden
And carried another child
Bowed lower and lower with another burden
Until they died

And it was always a struggle to keep their children fit

In clean clothes
To keep them clean

And their husbands didn't notice
They brought in the money
Sometimes
More often than not they didn't

And the women tried to lead a good life
Many had to sell themselves
Or their daughters
It was wrong what they did
But there was no choice
But men had their important work
And bought other people's wives and daughters
While their own wife and daughter starved
And bowed under the burdens

But he was different I thought
Yes, he was different
But still he was a man
And he couldn't show he really cared
Because that would have shown a weakness
To lose face

So he pushed me aside
It hurt

It hurt so much

I tried so hard to please him
He wasn't easy because he kept changing
I never knew what he wanted
He seemed different every day
It depended where he was
What he was doing
I couldn't really keep up with him
But I did try

And his friends didn't want me round either
I was a woman
But not only a woman.....
For they knew who I was and they didn't like it
They despised me
I wasn't even fit to wash his feet they thought

But I loved him
I wanted to wash his feet
I wanted to care for him
I wanted to wash his feet

In spite of everything I tried

If he thought they would mock him over me
He was sometimes harsh with me

He was masterful
But he had to show that he was masterful with me
And not being taken in by a woman
Not giving in to a woman's weakness
And that hurt me

They Mocked – He Healed

WE used to sit on the shores of the lake
Find pebbles and make ripples
We would throw two stones
Ripples from one
Would spread out to the other
Two souls blending

We were happy
He would talk to me
Tell me stories
And show me God

There is a place where the stream flowed into the lake
He caught fish
We ate them round the fire

He had friends
They had a boat
They came
And said what people were saying about him

He said "Don't worry
"It doesn't matter"
I worried terribly
He just said it was what his Father wanted

There was a storm one night
Rain came
We sheltered
It was wild
It didn't put out the fire though
The fire kept going

In the morning it was beautiful and clear
God had washed His Earth
We were happy

Then he had to go back into the towns
He had to face them
I couldn't go
Too many knew me
I couldn't shame him
He was too good

I had to walk with the women
And go about women's business
And see him from the other side of the well

He told stories
Some people listened
Some tormented him
They didn't like him

"Who are you?" they mocked
They threw stones
They didn't like him at all
They were so cruel to him
They mocked
They shouted at him
They called him names
Everywhere he walked they tormented him
They didn't like him

He helped people
He helped me
He went into this house
He had to bend low to get into the doorway
She was very sick

He put his hand onto her forehead and stroked it
An old lady
She sat up and smiled at him

Everyone was afraid
He had done a wonderful thing and everyone was
afraid
They were angry at him
Maybe they wanted their mother to die
I don't know

Some people listened
But they were afraid
And didn't like people to see they were listening
They were afraid too

There were a lot of soldiers in the town
I remembered what they had done before
They didn't bother this time
I was changed
I kept away from them
I saw their spears
I couldn't go near

I remember them red hot
They had touched me everywhere
And threatened to ram them inside me if I didn't
submit

One had a dagger
He was the head of them
The chief one

I was so afraid
Oh! No!
I don't want him to touch me
Don't touch me!

But....He was different
He loved me I know that

I looked into his eyes
Shyness
He had a beautiful look
He loved me

But they took him away....!

Market Day

IT is quite windy
Her hair is blowing in the wind
She is laughing
Christ is walking one pace ahead of her

They stop - she is laughing
And looking up into his face

There is a steep path on the left - to the valley
On the right it slopes steeply up
Down below on the valley floor
There is a glint of water

As they walk down the hill
There is a shepherd
He has his head in a scarf with a circlet round it
He is just below the track
Waiting for them

She saw him kneeling
He asks Christ a question
Christ stops
The man is kneeling on one knee
And leaning on his stick

Christ blessed him
Mary stayed behind a little
'Go in peace'
The man was asking Christ for something
But in a humble way

They went on down the hill
Past some olive groves at the bottom
Lower down more vegetation
At the top stony - odd tufts of plants

Down there greener - some orange groves
Some flowers - little flowers underneath the rock
groves
Almost like divisions between the fields

They had come down a mountain track
There was a road - donkeys
Market day perhaps - merchants

They came down the hill
A lake over there on the left
And there was the road which snaked around hill to
the left
And a range of hills between this town and the lake

It was very busy in town

They came upon a metal worker of some sort
Beaten sheet metal - work hanging up
A forge - very rudimentary

He bought her some jewellery
A wide bracelet
One of those bracelets that slip on
Narrow here - wider there

Disciples and the Wrath of God

CHRIST is out on a boat on the lake

With three others

Mary watching from hillside

Wearing blue - lovely blue

They have stopped fishing

I am here on my Father's Business

You must understand

You must go out and teach

Just go forth into the towns

And make the people understand

Your lives will change

Because the people will not like what you say

They will treat you harshly

You must do this for my Father's sake

Haul in your nets again

And you will have caught enough fish

Cease fishing for today

And go back to the beach

And they were amazed at the amount of fish

They knew that he spoke the truth

They made a fire and cooked some of the fish

And he spoke of the wrong he saw
The wrong they saw

They didn't understand what was wrong
The people were poor
And were turning away from God
And blaming God
Other people were rich and greedy
And they were poor

There were travelling people
Camped in tents
Bedouin tents
Outside the town
They were trading
An evil trade
Some sort of extortion and thieving
Men kept their daughters away

They were not of those parts
Their clothing was different
It was a much darker brown
Grey striped
They were bearded

He spoke of these people
"See how they come to this town

"This is what is happening
"People used to come in fair trade
"Things we needed
"We traded goods we had
"This is wrong"

They talked
He and his friends
They understood partly what they had to do
They still questioned a little
"Why?"

And he was sharp with them
"Don't ask questions
"Do as I say
"For it is as my Father says"

"Now go to your homes
"And in the morning
"You will each of you go in different directions
"And tell the people of God"
"Show them what is wrong
"Tell them and show them that God is not happy
"They must mend their ways
"Or the Wrath of God will descend in a mighty
thunderbolt"

"Most will not believe you
"Most will say you are crazy
"You will seem crazy
"But you are not
"God is with you "
"Go forth in the morning and do my Father's work
"And take these fish
"We caught so much today
"Take them
"Give them in your village to whoever you feel is right
"To the poor and the needy who love God
"God's Gift"

"Now go!
"And do My Father's Work"

Then he was alone
He stood by the water's edge
Tall - and the moon was making a path across the
water
And he spoke with his Father

What a beautiful sight
He held out his arms
Had his back turned to me
He looked across the water
And God was with him

He was very tall
Very proud
Slightly bowed with care
But willing to take up any burden
In the service of his Father

I loved him so much
To see him standing there
And I thanked God for him
He turned
And I came to him from the shadows
I couldn't come before because they were there
He took me in his arms
And I was soft
He was a little bowed down with care

And we lay by the dying fire
And held each other close
I loved him so
Now we slept until morning
And he left very early before the sun was up
And went about His Father's business

I didn't see him again for many days
But I heard of him
The donkeys came in
And the market traders

Talked of the tall man who said many things

I knew who they were speaking of

I was proud of him and loved him even more

Communion – and Exorcism

THIS is how we spent a lot of time

By a roaring fire

Communion was a sharing

Of food, drink - and love

That's what communion means

Simple food

Bread, cheese, wine

Then they had to turn it into all sorts of horrible
things

The last rays of the sun

On the top of distant hills

This is the only way I knew peace

Beside the water

Lying across his lap - head down

Eating simple food

Just content we are together

It was by the water

That's where he helped me

We had a fire like that

Because I wasn't really bad

I was wrong

Not bad

He put his robe around me when I was cold
It had stripes on
Brownny stripes
It felt warm and rough

He sat there
Sat with his knees up
He sat me between his knees
And put his hands on my head
I was very, very afraid

Somehow the fire was banging
Hissing and banging
He threw all the bad things in me into the fire
There were some bad things in me

I wasn't bad - not me
Not really me
I think they got into me when I gave up caring

They come, I think
If you get to the stage of giving up
So you don't care if you didn't live or didn't die
You haven't really got a mind any more at that stage
Not that you are actively controlling
It is dead
I wish I hadn't got to that stage

Because it was always after that so frightening

Instead of not caring

Somehow you didn't have a choice

Whether you cared or not

And you had to do things

Even though you knew they were wrong

And I knew they were wrong

That is why I was always too ashamed

To even speak with him when he came back

Especially as he was by then talking to people

About how bad everywhere had become

And the bad things people do

And I...

I who had sworn to love only him

I had not

I know I had been a child

But I had meant it

And I was ashamed

When he had first gone

I felt somehow very desolate

But also that he would come back

And he had

Somehow

Somehow I hadn't kept faith with that feeling

I suppose really

From the time he went I didn't really much care

And I stopped talking...

And I stopped talking to Elohim

Before that I knew Him well

He and I

We often talked to Him

He was somehow special to us

I didn't know why at the time

Now I understand

And when he came back

I understood

Somehow I didn't have the strength to be alone

And they took advantage

And I spiralled - ever downward

Until he came back

It was a long time from when he went to when he
came back

Although after he went I was never a child any more

I wasn't a child playing

But a woman weeping

My mother

She could not help

I was never close to her

I tried to help her

I don't think she ever understood me

Why I was different

I was never her docile daughter

I think she was actually quite frightened

When I spoke of things she didn't understand

But she was a poor woman

She worked

And had not time really for thinking

And no inclination either

My mind was always so active

Sometimes that is a disadvantage

There were so many nights...

It is getting night now

Somehow in the long nights

And in the shorter nights especially

Summer nights

He would sit up until late

And talk - and understand

I knew it would be so short

I wanted every moment I could have

But our Father needed most of his time

I tried hard to understand that

And accept it

You will tell our story

I don't know if many will believe it

Now – They Worship His Mother

NOW they worship his mother

It is not much to worship

I didn't like her but I felt sorry for her

It was always my downfall

To feel compassion

They say he felt compassion

I felt it far more than he did

He was quite stern

Sometimes frighteningly so

He loved me dearly

But there was a reserve even on that

And if anyone said anything about our Father

That was wrong

He was very angry

So he was often very angry

Strange

Not many knew of Elohim then

Not many

I don't think people really knew

Who they were worshipping

But whatever it was they were worshipping
Most of it was wrong
They didn't like him
He tried
And I suppose he failed

It is curious that they worship him
He was a man
A very dear man
A beautiful strong man
And he would never ever waver
He always did what his Father wanted
Always - even at the end
Not that his Father really wanted that

He just knew
Things had come so bad and it was inevitable
They could take him then
Or they could take him in a couple of months
What was the difference?
They wouldn't listen

I prayed and pleaded with Elohim
I knew it was no good
I still feel his pain
I wept and I wept

Man is so cruel
And it has got worse
From what I see
It is just a veneer over the top

They hurt him
But most of all they hurt Elohim
They hurt our Father
So He will hurt them

I don't know why they worship him
I don't recognise **him** in what **they** worship

Yes...I recognise his strength
Always doing our Father's work
But that is all

They make a mockery of him
Turn the other cheek
The only time he turned the other cheek
Was to walk away in disgust if they didn't listen
Of course they didn't like that

It is a mockery they make now
Why do they worship his mother?

I suppose it matters not

For soon I am sure it will all go
Elohim takes His Time
But I feel the Time has come

They hurt Him so much
There is no going back

His Friends

IT was hard for him
Because some people hated him
But we laughed about it together
And that made it better

He never once felt defeated

Sometimes
His friends –
They didn't like me
But I would listen when they were talking -
Sometimes they doubted him

They were good friends
But I think – sometimes -
They thought he was a little crazy

They were afraid because people didn't like him
And they were associated with him
And they were afraid

But on the whole they were good friends
Who did stand by him
I suppose
It took courage but they knew he was right

He loved God
His eyes would melt when I was enfolded in his arms
It was like lying in God's arms
Safe and warm

I'm so glad he came back to me
When he went away I thought I'd never love anyone
else
He was the only friend I'd had

I didn't know it was love then
It was sort of admiration and companionship
All things a girl looks up to in a boy

I didn't know it was love
We were too young for love anyway
Later I knew it was love

And God loved me too
God spoke to me
Told me this man needed my strength too
He needed me
I should care for him and cherish him
And support him too

Sometimes it was very, very hard for him
He needed someone very warm and safe

Everyone needs someone to love
Someone to be safe with
And we had each other
That was all

God was good to us

What My Father Wants

WE went a long way
Out into the desert
He let me ride on the donkey
The path was very rough

There is a well out there
Just one well
In a valley
Sometimes they draw water for the animals

It was deserted
But all the bushes around were in flower
Beautiful
He said it was God's Food

We spent some time there
Drawing water
Eating God's Food
And talking
And loving

Lots of people came who were not good people
They were robbers
They wanted something from us
And we hadn't anything

But they didn't hurt us
I thought they would kill us
But they didn't
They went away again

We had to leave that place
And go to another town
We seemed to go all over
To different towns
At least they didn't know me
Though they seemed to know him

Sometimes we met with his friends
He had good friends
They laughed a lot
I am not sure they accepted me
They knew who I was
They couldn't understand him loving me

They knew him
And understood him
And had to accept me

Mostly it was men's talk and I wasn't admitted
I'd just prepare something for them to eat
And sit in the dark
Outside the circle

They laughed
But they were worried too
Things were not good
People were talking
And getting angry
"You must stop this!
"They will kill you!"

"I must go on!
"My Father wants me to
"It is my Father's Business
"What He wants
"I must do!"

They were afraid
So was I

He never seemed to be afraid of anything

He just smiled
And said "That's what My Father wants"

He Wanted to be Alone

WE went back into the city
He went inside the walls
There was shouting
Shouting against him

That night he wanted to be alone
He wouldn't let me be with him
He just wanted to be alone

I knew something was wrong

Then the villages and the town woke up
The roosters crowed
The sheep and goats started stirring
They took them out to the hills
And the women prepared food

And I couldn't find him
They said he was a prisoner
I knew something was wrong

They killed him!

I could do nothing
Nothing but weep

They took my beautiful love
And he was in such pain
From there you look down the valley
Places we had been together
Places we had walked and loved
Places where he had told me of his Father
Places where he had taught me
To be a woman not a whore

You could see them all
I knew he was in such pain
But very brave
I wish I could have died rather than him

He was so worthy
And me so unworthy

It was a long dark night
I couldn't believe it
But they took him away and killed him

And then he wasn't there
I went to pray at his tomb
To tend him alone - in private
And he had gone
I needed to be alone with him
And he had gone!

In the Garden

DON'T take him
Please don't take him...
They came for him in the night
I prayed for him all night

It was cold
It was dark
I was very afraid

He was in the garden down the hill
I couldn't go in
He wouldn't let me
He wanted to be alone
He needed to be alone with his Father
I stayed outside

At the very darkest hour they came
They took him away
I saw them
I couldn't do anything
Nothing I could do...

I was afraid of the soldiers
But I could do nothing
I couldn't even bribe them with my body

Because he wouldn't have liked that
And I could no longer do that
He didn't see me
He didn't know I was there
But I saw it all
I was proud of him
Because he went nobly

He knew they would come for him
They took him into the town
And I couldn't see him any more

They were deciding what to do with him
But they wanted to kill him
They didn't like him
They were afraid

He had to go

I looked for his friends and told them

They were very afraid
Because they were closely associated with him
Very, very afraid

They didn't want it known that they were his friends
That they knew him

They told me to go away

I mixed with the crowds in the streets

Trying to find some news

Trying to find what had happened

There was much talk

I wanted to help him

But I was only a woman

And I could do nothing

I spoke with a soldier

He despised me as a woman

I think he knew me...

Had known me...

I don't know

I didn't trust any of them

He sent me away

Said it was nothing to do with me

They Killed Him

THEY brought him out

They were jeering

He was tied up

They whipped him through the streets

And the crowds...

They all jeered

And spat at him

And they whipped him until he bled

Made him walk right through the city

So that everyone could see his shame

There were some people who felt for him

But they watched from the back

No-one dared smile on him

Or show recognition

I followed

It was hard getting through the crowds

Everyone wanted to see where they were taking him

And what they were going to do

He was hated by most

I felt very afraid

I fell over and nearly got crushed by the crowd

On my knees
I was weeping
It took me a long while to catch up after that
Because I was hurt
I couldn't walk properly

They made him walk a long way
It was very hot - very dusty
Every time they passed a village
More people joined and jeered

There was one woman
She was drawing water from the well
She offered him some
She had compassion and smiled at him
But the soldiers beat her back

He walked to the high place
Where you can look out down to the sea

Aaah!
They killed him
They sacrificed him
What sort of a god is that??
I think a false god

He was in pain

He didn't cry out
I could see the look in his eyes
He prayed to his Father
He prayed for forgiveness

He looked at me
He smiled
He closed his eyes

The people were stunned
I think some realised what they had done
They knew what they had done
And none would take the blame

It became clouded over
It wasn't the season for rain
The sky became black and clouded

People were so afraid
They ran
They said it was the Wrath of God

They had made a sacrifice
But God was angry
They couldn't understand
But it was not a true sacrifice
They killed him

Oh...

And he smiled at me

And I knew he had gone to his Father

I knew

But the people were frightened

They knew they had done wrong

They knew God was angry

And they knew they had killed him

For their own reasons

Not for God

Although they killed him in the name of their god

And that was the worst thing they could have done

But I knew he had gone to God

The One True God

He went to his Father

And he was at peace

His poor broken body

I kissed it

Then they made me leave

They dragged him away

How I loved that man

Then the soldiers said
"You can take the body"
They wanted nothing more to do with him

They had dragged him away
And then taken fright
And said
"Take him away
"And do what you will with him"

So we prepared him
The body I loved so much was dead
Broken
Wounds bleeding
I washed him
I bound his wounds as best I could
I knew it was too late
I anointed him
Tried to make him better
Even in death

And his friends took him
And put him in one of the caves
I looked my last on him

The others didn't want me there
The men didn't want me there

His friends
I think they thought he was wrong
To have associated with me
I was part of his downfall...
Because of me...

It wasn't!

They sent me away
Closed up the cave
So the wolves couldn't get in at his body

It was nearly nightfall
They had to be back
The next day was the Sabbath
A lot of preparations to be made

In The Hills

I left him there in the hills
We'd been so happy in the hills
I had to leave him in a cold cave
I wanted to be with him
But I couldn't

I wept and I wept
It wasn't safe to stay out alone

I'd been so happy in the hills
At least you could look down the valley
The valley where we had walked
Arm in arm
The valley where we had laughed
We had run and played
Like a couple of children

I'll always remember him
I'll always remember those happy times
They were short
I was always fearful they'd go
I knew they were short

But I cared for him
God told me to care for him

I did my best
But I wasn't strong enough for them
How could I save him from all of them?

I loved him so much
He was a beautiful, beautiful man
I loved him so much

They took him away
I knew they would take him away

I kept hoping it would be longer
We'd have longer together
It was so short
Just two summers
Two beautiful summers

He loved me too
It showed in his eyes

His eyes would look with such love upon me
I still feel his eyes
Nothing can take that away
Nothing....

The Sacrifice

WHY did they hate him so much?

Why did they hate him so much?

Why?

They have dragged him

He was hurt so badly

They half dragged him up the hill

His back was bleeding

All slashed across

Everybody was jeering

At the top

High up

There is a flattish place

On top of the hill

There is a mound

It had been built there

Sloping sides

There they burn offerings on top

And they mocked him

And threw him against this altar

Then they said

"Look"

"Look out over this land"
And they tied him out on the slope
So he had to look down the valley

He was staked out
They put stakes through his hands
And staked his feet
He was in agony
Looking out over the valley

And they jeered at him
"Call yourself king
"Look out over your kingdom"

And he said "I go to my Kingdom in Heaven
"I go to my Father"

I could see the sun
The lake
A ribbon of light on the lake
Silver
Out of a dark cloud

And the priests stoned him
Then the soldiers

Then everyone who could find a stone joined in

They went wild
The crowd
Even those who I think believed
Were led by the others
And then everybody started stoning him
And his head fell back on the altar
He was bleeding
All bruised and bleeding and cut
And he never once cried out

It was brutal
He was bleeding
And they all joined in
They hated him

And he lifted his head up
Because he was lying back on the altar
And he smiled at me

But what could I do?

And they killed him
Oh God!
They killed him!

He was killed by their fear
How could they do such a thing?

How could they kill him for that...?

For having courage?

For saying what was right?

They killed him for that...

Killed him!

Because they were afraid of what was right

It didn't fit in with them

There he was

Staked out like a sacrifice

And stoned

Oh God!

And he hurt so badly

I knew

I could see it in his eyes even through the smile

And so much sorrow

And so much pain

Not so much for himself

He was in agony

But pain for us

At least it didn't take him too long to die

Nothing could withstand that

But they were very afraid

As it went dark...
Except the lake
The lake was shining silver under the clouds
Just like the silver fish
When the sunlight catches on its scales

And God was angry!
God brought the dark clouds
But I think God showed there was hope
In the silver lake
Maybe he was showing the water could cleanse
Could wash things away
Only the water had light
Everything else was dark
The crowds ran away
They were afraid after that

From being afraid of him
They became afraid of God

They knew they had wronged God
Many of them went forth from that land in shame
They could no longer stay there
God made them leave

Elohim is a just God
Oh God!

Thy will be done!

The Wrath of God is mighty
From generation unto generation
He hath showed strength with His Arm
He hath scattered the proud
In the imagination of their hearts

Oh, God
Give me strength to do Thy Will
Make me strong
The way is hard
I know

God
Grant me Thy Strength

I Did What I Could

I kissed him

His poor broken body

I held his hand

But he was dead

How I loved him

But I couldn't help him

They pulled him up from the ground

And dragged him

I didn't know where they were taking him

And they became very afraid

The soldiers became very afraid

They knew

I think they knew they'd angered God

They said to his friends

"Take him"

I tore some off my robe and dipped it in a spring

And washed his wounds

Tried to take away some of the blood

His beautiful blood spilled everywhere

He was so broken

I tended his wounds
I knew it was too late
But somehow I had to do what I could for him
There were some plants
I used the leaves to try to heal the wounds

It was late
There was no time for a proper burial
We bound him up in our robes
We tore strips
His mother and me

And his friends
They put him in a cave
The shelter of a cave
Till we could bury him properly

But it was nearly the Sabbath
And we were not permitted to do that
And we had to hurry home before nightfall

They blocked the entrance with some rock
To keep him safe
Keep him safe from the wild animals
The wolves and the jackals
You hear them howling in the hills at night
I didn't want them to get to him

There was a chill sound
I wanted to stay with him
But they made me come
And I went home alone
And wept

It was a wrong thing they did
To kill him
He harmed nobody
He made people better
He spoke God's Truth
And they didn't like it

They killed him!
They killed him for daring to say the truth
For daring to show their corruption
He showed love
He showed compassion
And they turned it aside and spat at it

He showed great strength
Great mental strength
That he could stand what they said to him
At all times he loved God
And God showed him what he must do

He was very strong

He always did what God asked him to do
Sometimes it was hard
Very hard

I trusted him
Sometimes he told me what God wanted of him
And I was afraid for him
It was a lonely day, the Sabbath
How could one spend the Sabbath?
I wept

The Cold of the Easter Morning

AS soon as it was permitted I went to him
I went very early in the morning
There was no-one in the town awake
It was cold, so cold

I wanted to be alone with him
To talk with him
To hold his broken body
And kiss him

I took some oil to anoint his wounds
To make them better

I walked in the valley
Up the hill
I'd walked there many times
I never thought that place would see his death
It was the place that had seen our love

I climbed to the cave
I wanted to be with him
He meant so much to me
This man
He was my whole life now

He showed me God
He showed me what God wanted
And he helped me
He made me whole again
He made me a woman

And I loved him

I wanted to be alone with him
Just him and God
And weep a little

As I climbed up I looked over the valley
Over the lake
We had been so happy

But he wasn't there!
They had taken him
Someone had taken him away!
He had just gone

I was very afraid
And very unhappy
Why did they take him?

I went to his friends and told them
They didn't believe me

They came and looked
He'd gone!
Then I sat alone on the hill
I thought
I remembered him
I looked out over the lake

I thought about all the time we spent
There wasn't enough of it
He was often away talking to people in the towns
Doing his Father's business

He came when he could
I went with him sometimes
But I couldn't be with him in the towns
Only in my home
And in the hills
Even his friends didn't like me

And I sat and I wept

Then I lifted my eyes
And the lake was silver again
God lit up the lake

And then he came!
He came to me

He said "Why are you weeping?"

"Come, my little one

"I have come back to see you

"Why are you weeping?"

And it was him!

And he said "I am going to my Father

"But I will be with you

"I will be with you"

But he was changed

It was him

But it was not him

He was very serious

I was happy

But he had many things to do

He was changed

We couldn't share our love

I couldn't share my laughter

He was with me

Yes...

But only in my mind

He was there
All around me
But I couldn't touch him

He was so changed
But I knew he was going to his Father

He smiled upon me

He smiled upon me
"I will be with you yet awhile
"For I have some things which must be done
"Before I go to my Father
"I will be with you as long as you need me"

Then I remembered him...
He is so beautiful
He is my love

But God came
God said He had taken His Son

And God knew my sorrow
But it was God's Will
And he knew it was God's Will

According to Their Ways

IT always makes me sad

The other one

He tried to comfort me

They betrayed him

And the other one

I think somehow he felt guilty

As if perhaps

If they had all supported him more

It wouldn't have happened

He was a lone voice

I think that is where the story comes from

About his betrayal

Because he did speak for him

But it was for him not against him with the authorities

And he suffered the consequences

The others

They had seemed like friends on the surface

But he didn't completely trust them

And yet he needed.....

He needed some who could try

And carry on his work

He knew - I think

After a bit

That he didn't have long

He never told me

I just gleaned it from odd comments

I could not have carried on his work

Not as a woman

Especially in my position

Or lack of position

He had to trust them

As you have sometimes to trust people

They are useful

And for a brief time you feel the warmth of friendship

The leader of the others

I think he was the worst

It is like those young men who are actually afraid

But act in a swaggering manner

I think he undermined most

Because he had their ear

But they didn't try and stop it

Only the one did

The incident with the story there
That was more like how that one did
Not so direct

But the others
They were there in the beginning
But they were keeping very quiet
I was not supposed to see
They don't much like women at these things

But somehow it was...
Like all the fear and hatred boiled over
And so there was a huge crowd
Everyone was curious

He had somehow touched the fear
In so many people
Somehow
By throwing a stone at him
It was as if...
As if they could repel...
Repel the fear
I'm sure that's what it was

He knew I was there anyway

They had fear

They had fear
They had ignorance
They had arrogance
Such laudable human qualities

Such a thing leaves you feeling stunned
You cannot take it in
Cannot really believe it
Then after a while it hits you

And he didn't come back
But I could always talk to him when I wanted
Sometimes when I didn't expect it
He would talk to me
But it wasn't the same though
He couldn't hold me in his arms

There were such happy times
But somehow I cannot unlock myself from the
sadness

It was a very intense time before
Beautiful
Much happiness
But an overlying feeling it couldn't last

A feeling of frustration

Was he getting through to people?

I think not on the whole
They took what they wanted
And that was free
If they didn't want it
They ridiculed

There were plenty around
Who said similar things
But none who spoke of how
Each man is judged
According to how he has conducted his life

Some touched on that
But it was not their main message
Mostly they tried to win the people
From the vengeful nature of their god
It is funny
You grow up believing that what they tell you is right

You try to be good
And then you find that what they have said is wrong
That what you have believed
Is wrong

Yes - He was a vengeful god

And an unjust one
The rich knew 'justice'
They said
The powerful too

He knew that was wrong
But you cannot single handedly
Change the state
He hated all the idols and all the rituals
And he would flout it

You see
Everybody had to obey the laws
I found it much harder to flout them
And there was severe punishment if you did

But they were man's laws
Although they attribute them to God

I think many thought him mad
His mother was afraid for him
But she couldn't stop him
I don't think she really understood
She knew he was special
But then
Every woman's son is special
Why is it that sons are special

And daughters not?

Women seem to perpetuate their own problems

Such a sadness comes over me

A weariness

I cannot go on

I pray for Elohim to take me to be with Him

I cannot continue his work

Against the stories that have sprung up around him

They have somehow made a holy person of him

A saint

And that he was not

A good person

Yes

A strong and loving person

Above all

One with an unfailing sense of what is right

But - he was a man

A man who listened to Elohim

And noted well what he was told

And had the courage to act on it

No matter how difficult

He wasn't fearless
Not in the sense they mean
He had worries
But he always knew that Elohim was with him

He didn't want to die though
He loved life
And he felt
Somehow
He had not accomplished
What he set out to do

I think that was impossible
The nature of man is so base
And the nature of woman
Not much better

He is so beautiful
He is my love

I loved him
I loved him so much

I thought I'd Die

I loved him
I thought I'd die
I did die
Part of me
But I knew...
I wanted to be very close
Yet somehow...

Sometimes I didn't want him to touch me
So I couldn't be hurt
If I didn't love completely
I couldn't be hurt completely

But they took him...
They killed him...!

Life was never the same
There wasn't much life left anyway
So it didn't matter

I don't know what happened to his friends
They didn't see me
They still didn't like me

They knew I was sad

But didn't come to me

They told me they'd gone to different places

In different towns

But they did tell the people

Told them some of what he'd said

It made sense

And some people listened

I think they listened more then

And they were sorry he was killed

They realised it was wrong

That he could have helped them

But they had been afraid

So they killed him

How stupid to kill because you are afraid

That's what they did

And then they didn't have him any more

I didn't have him any more

It was empty

God Will Not Be Mocked

THEY killed him
But he went to God
I know

He told me it would happen one day
I was always afraid it would happen
I knew
I am glad he is with his Father

The people didn't believe
So they killed him
They didn't believe
So they couldn't see what a terrible thing they did to
him

Oh...
When I think of him
It hurts so terribly
To see his pain

They mocked him
Oh, God...
How can You allow this thing?

I know...

It is Thy Will

He just says

"You know My Child

"It is My Will"

He taught me to accept God's Will

He taught me many things

Many things a woman doesn't usually know

He was a friend

And he treated me as a friend

And he was a husband

And I tried to be a good wife

And I loved him so much

How can there be such pain?

Such pain, such hurt, such sorrow

Mixed in together

As though, God

It is sometimes too much to bear

It crushes me

The weight of it

Oh God, I try to do Thy Will

Oh God, Help me to do Thy Will

Thy Will be done
I love You, I loved him
I understand, I accept
God, the way is hard
Please give me the strength

"He who trusteth God
"Shall be most exalted
"When the Day of Judgement comes
"Let all men look to their souls
"God is the Judge
"God is a just Judge"

"No man shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven
"Unless he loveth God
"He must truly love God"
This is what he used to say to me

"You must truly love God
"You must truly love the Father
"He will be merciful
"Because He is a truly loving God
"And you must love Him too"

Oh! It hurts It hurts
But I must do Thy Will

There is no place now that is safe
There is no place now that is safe
They don't understand
They mock God
They come to mock God
They mock God even in His House

And God is angry
God will cleanse them with water
He will bring a Mighty Flood upon the land
To cleanse them with water

They build temples to their idols
They make sacrifices to a false god
They do not understand

But God understands exactly
And God will come
Because this is God's Land

They shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven
They who have mocked God
The priests and kings who have led the people
They tooYes . . . They too

God will come
Yes - God will come

He will cleanse the land with water

And then tears will cover the land

And some may understand

God sees everything

God sees everything

They cannot hide

They cannot pretend

Because God knows their very souls

They shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven!

But God came

God said He had taken His Son

And God knew my sorrow

But it was God's Will

And he knew it was God's Will

The Covenant

WHY did they take him?

I knew they would

There was so little time

You know

He tried to make them all see

He did knock on the doors to their hearts

But they did not respond, except to mock

It was always the same

They would listen

Or pretend to listen

And then when he had gone they would take no notice

Or mock him behind his back

I heard them

But he knew they did

He preferred to mix with the ordinary people

He didn't think much of those more of his father's
standing

His father was a good man

But not many of that type were

They were more interested in making more wealth

Their businesses were too important to them

So he had pulled away from that
And refused to follow in his father's footsteps
Instead we walked poor and free
Not poor in spirit though
And we never went without
For our Father in Heaven always provided

We kept on moving
I had kept a poor room in my town
We from time to time were back there
But mostly we were going from town to town
I preferred it when we were outside the towns
For they mocked

The people made me afraid
For I knew that one day they would harm him
And take him from me

They did not make him afraid
They made him angry

Some knew of me as well
And tried to make comments about me
They knew of what I was
He just said
"She is no longer
"She is my wife"

Mostly though I did keep in the background
It was more the custom that women did not be
forward
They were more for doing domestic things
But he needed company
He needed support
So I went with him on his travels
And he talked long with me

Often we could not get a room
There was no room for us
But plenty for others

So we would sit beside a fire we made
And stay outside the town
In the hills

I was never afraid at night of the wild animals and
things
For always he was with me
And our Father was with us both

He had his friends come with us quite often
His friends...
They did not like me much

But they also...

They also did not really like being seen with him
They would be his friends in private
But rarely would they support him in public

They wanted to exclude me because I was a woman
Or maybe it was
Because I could have more influence on him than they

I know that it bothered me so much
I did not trust them entirely
They were mostly at the lake
We often came back to that place
And it was peaceful
And it was beautiful

But then he would say
"We are going to try another place"
And I would pack our few things
And we would go

And we would trudge a long way
To find another town
And always each town was the same as the other

The people did not like him
You could feel them
Drawing inside their houses when he came

Sometimes they were friendly
But when he came back they had changed

Always it was the same thing
And always he did seek to find somewhere better
And always it was the same

Sometimes I felt so tired of always on the move
And always trying to do our Father's Work
But he would go
He would always do as he was bid

I felt the end was coming
I knew it
It was such joy to me in my life that he had come back
It was so many years that I had seen him
And then he had come back
It was as if he plucked me right from the very edge
And loved me
And cherished me
And I in turn was wife to him

I felt it could not last
All the time there was a sadness in the background
He saw he could not change the people

The rich. . . .

They were so full of their own importance
And they felt so threatened when he came
They scoffed and would not listen

The poor. . . .

Well. . . .

They were down-trodden

And they just followed the rich

Like sheep

They could have been his flock

But....They came not with the shepherd

He tried so hard

Always onward

Always seeking to do his Father's Will

Always searching in his heart

To know the Truth

And to show the Truth to those who cared to see

But there were very few of those

I could see there was unrest

They did not like what he had to say

Did not like it at all

There was such unrest

I knew that they would take him
I felt it so often
I did not know how or when
But I knew it would be soon

And when he wanted to be alone
There was a terrible chill did grip my heart
There had been times before
When he did want to be alone
And speaking with his Father

But not like this

There was a different feel to this
And I knew....

You see
They...
They did not like that

When he talked of his Father in Heaven
When he talked of the One True God Elohim

When he berated them
For making to themselves graven images
For sacrificing to Jehovah

When he accused them of having false gods

It upset all their beliefs

And all the structure of their lives

I could see that they could not leave him

Because he was dangerous to them

And constantly they ridiculed him

They mocked

So that the common people

Would not be tempted to follow him

Yes

He helped many

They always thought that it was him

And not his Father

There were even those who mocked

And said it was not true that he had helped

They were afraid

I think they knew he was a very strong and powerful
man

But they did not like his power

For it was different from the power they sought

His friends followed him

But...I am not sure...

They could follow him up to a point

But when it became bad for them

Then they could no longer admit to being his friends

He had told them he would go to be with his Father

And he did beseech them

To try to carry on the Work of God

They did not have his strength

They could never have done that

He had to try though

To see if they would try

But there was a certain amount of self-seeking in them

As they sought to bask in the glory of his passing

He had been alone

He asked that he was left alone

And in the morning...

I knew!

There was a chill on me

I walked all over the places we had been together

Searching for him

But knowing in my heart I would not find him

He had been taken
The soldiers had come for him
And taken him

The same soldiers who had taken me
But in a different way

They tried him
If you can call it a proper trial
The justice of man is no justice at all!

The wealthy and the influential had made payments
And these ensured his death

But they could only kill his body
The Justice of Elohim ensured Eternal Peace

It was a sham
I could not be there
But I knew
They passed it from the front of the crowd to the back

And then they said that he must die
Because he respected not their laws
But chose to follow his Father's Laws

He said "There is but One"

"My Father has given me this

"As He gave it to those who went before"

"And He has said:

'I AM THE LORD THY GOD

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BUT
ME

'I AM THE MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

"THEY ARE FULL OF MY GLORY

'I AM THE ONLY GOD

"THE FATHER ALMIGHTY"

And he spoke this

And the people did not like it

They did not wish to hear these words at all

I think they made them feel afraid

And so they took him

And broke his body

He had said once before

"Let he who is without sin cast the first stone"

Then they stayed their hand

It was not something that particularly bothered them

But this time
They all knew that he must be destroyed
He was in pain
But our Father made it not too long for him

And then he looked straight at me
His arms out wide
And said with his eyes
"I go to be with my Father
"You will not be long"

I wept
I knew he was with our Father
And I should have been happy
But I felt bereft of his strength
I was so alone

They took his body
And placed it in a place nearby
It was getting late
And it was against the custom to carry him far at that
time
How I did weep
There was his poor broken body
I knew that now he felt no pain

I went in the morning to be alone

I needed to be with him

His body was not there

But I could feel him with me

In fact...

I could see him walking with me

He was so close

I could feel his warmth

And his strength

It did make me stronger

I was puzzled that his body was not there

I think they took it

I am sure they took it in the night

For by doing so

They increased their importance somehow

Somehow by his disappearance

He became more important

And they played on this

And declared they had been his friends

I could not be sure

But in my heart I knew this to be true

And I was angry with them for this

I became much weaker

There was no point in going on without him

I could not return to what I had been

I wanted only him

I think I just gave up really

I wanted to go to be with my Father

He is the One True God

And I longed to be with him

And then I came to be with Elohim

A blaze of Glorious Light!

And he was there

He whom I loved

I knew that I would see him again

Nothing had changed on earth

His work had been in vain

They mocked it and corrupted it

They now fight wars over it

And pervert the Word of God

As it was then

So it is now

But it will change!

He had said there had been others come

To try to tell the Word of God

These had been scorned

He said that man had but one more chance

And if he listened not

The end would come

When we had watched the sun

It would rise behind the hills

He had said

"If man heeds not the Word of the Father

"The sun will rise in a different place

"And all the world shall know

"For God is very angry"

"There is but one more chance

"The Son will come again

"And then the End"

"Our Father has created all

"And placed man here in paradise

"But man destroys it

"And now he destroys himself"

"Six times has he sent a Son

"Six times has man turned away

"There is but one more time"

He knew he could not turn man onto the right path

He knew he could but try

Then go to be with his Father

He spoke often of the next Son
That He would come and try again

God had sent them All
According to their time
And according to their time
Man has turned away

One more is come
And still man turns away
Man turns away from God
The One True God
And turns to worship false gods
And images and idols

And God is angry
He will destroy mankind
He will shake the very earth
God will not be mocked

His Time is now come!
And all the world shall see
The Time is come
Of the one true God of All

And His Glory shall blaze
Throughout the Heavens

Heaven and earth are full of His Glory!

And those who have trusted in Him
Shall be one with Him
And shall know everlasting life

For the rest
There shall be damnation
And eternal hell fire
They will surely know
That they have wronged God

God's Judgement is Final!
His Judgement is Just!
And each shall know
According to his ways
The Judgement of Almighty God!

PART 3 - Other Gospels

Gospel Truth

We consider that there is powerful external circumstantial evidence that Mary's account is the true story of the man upon whom the religion of Christianity is so loosely based. He was killed because he tried to make men understand that God did not want rituals or sacrifices and that those who performed sacrifices or rituals worshipped false gods. He died because he threatened the power structure of the priests. He exposed the falsehood of their god, just as had the Egyptian Pharaoh, Akhenaten, thirteen centuries before. He did NOT die to take away their sins, for their sins are far too great. He died BECAUSE of their sins. He died BECAUSE of the evil of men. This is the story of the woman who loved him - the only woman who really mattered to him. She was the only woman who really supported him; not a virgin but a whore. Well, she had been one once. But that was before. It had hardly been a career choice. But, it just did not seem to matter to him. After all, she was no longer. Now she felt she belonged to one man – and to God.

Mary Magdalen's story is very moving. It is a story of a man and a woman; a real man with no magical powers; a man sent by God to warn mankind of the error of its ways. He was a man who was different, and what a threat that is. And it is at least as much a threat today, in a world of mass conformity. This man was killed because what he said of God was not what the Establishment said of God.

But then, they worshipped a different god. His was true; theirs was false.

At times you can see parts of the New Testament story in Mary's words. But in some important ways the story diverges. Christ's greatest crime was a religious crime. He spoke against Jehovah, the god of sacrifices and so suffered the penalty for that. What would the Romans have cared? They didn't. So why would they crucify him? The answer again is that they didn't. That is one crucial difference in Mary's account. There are the stakes through the hands and the feet, and the scourging. But there is no hanging on a cross. And death came fairly quickly under the hail of stones.

But there are four gospel accounts, you may say – which give a different picture. We have the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Do the words 'Gospel Truth' come to mind? But which particular truth would that be? The four gospels are not eye witness accounts, despite being written as though they are; and they date from 60 to 150 years after the death of Christ. What is more, there are in essence but two basic accounts.

There is the Gospel of John and there are Synoptic Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. The word 'synoptic' is derived from the Greek: Syn – same; optikos – seen. In other words, these gospels all have the same view. This is because they are all substantially based on some earlier, original written account, now lost. It was known as 'Q' or 'Quelle' – meaning 'Source'. The gospels are too alike to be

genuine alternative accounts. At times the words reported spoken are almost identical.

Compare, for instance, the story of the rich man/ruler who seeks to inherit eternal life: Luke 18, 18-30 with Matthew 19, 16-30 and Mark 10, 17-31.....Or the account of Christ's warning of the End Times beginning at Matthew 24, 1, or Mark 13, 1 or Luke 21, 8. But the Christmas story is to be found only in Luke and Matthew. Even Mark omits it, and John never mentions it. So was this particular tradition not even to be found in 'Q', but elsewhere?

If you want the 'Gospel Truth' about Easter Morning, you can begin with Matthew's account – Chapter 28. As it began to dawn, Mary Magdalen and the other Mary came to see the sepulchre. There was a great earthquake and lightning and the Angel of the Lord rolled back the stone from the door and sat on it. The guards who had been set to prevent the theft of Christ's body became as dead men. The Angel told the women to tell the disciples that Christ was not there but goeth before [them] to Galilee.

Then on their way to convey this message, Jesus met them. They knelt at his feet. He repeated the Angel's message. Meanwhile, the guards went back to the chief priests and recounted the events. The guards were duly bribed and told to say the disciples took the body. Only the last four verses of Matthew – 28, 16-20 – talk of Jesus appearing to the disciples – on one occasion only – on a mountain in Galilee. His message was to teach all that he had told them.

Or you may prefer a second, different Gospel Truth – Mark 16. When the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint the body of Christ in the tomb where he had been laid on Good Friday. It was very early in the morning on the first day of the week at the rising of the sun. When they arrived, the stone had already been rolled away.

There is no mention of any guards outside – sleeping or otherwise. Inside was a young man clothed in white. He conveys to them that Jesus is not there. He is risen. The same message is conveyed – Tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee. Then they fled the sepulchre. The next part (Mark 16, 9) is added, almost as though a different account, copied from another document, and not properly edited into the main narrative.

(9) Now, when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene out of whom he cast seven devils. (10) And she went and told them that had been with him as they mourned and wept. (11) And they when they had heard that he was alive and had been seen of her, believed not.

This second, subsidiary account appears to echo John, in that it was Mary alone at the tomb, and it was Mary alone who saw Jesus after his death.

After that, he appeared in another form to two other, unnamed disciples – nor were they believed either. Again this is almost the end of this gospel. In the last four verses, Mark 16, 14-20, Jesus appears to the eleven as they sat at meat. After admonishing them for their unbelief, he tells them to go and preach the gospels – in Verse 17 - And these signs shall follow them that believe. After that, he was received into heaven – presumably from a room in Jerusalem, according to Mark – not a mountain in Galilee, according to Matthew.

For the third authorised version of Gospel Truth, we can turn to Luke 24,1. Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, came Mary Magdalen, Joanna, Mary the mother of James and other women that were with them..... And they found the stone rolled away.

Again, there is no mention of any temple guards. The body of Jesus was not there but there were TWO men in shining garments who asked the memorable words “Why seek ye the living amongst the dead?” They told the women Jesus was not here but is risen as he had told them when he was yet in Galilee, reminding them that the Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified and the third day rise again (24, 7). The women apparently remembered this prophecy and returned from the sepulchre.

The women then went to tell the disciples of their experience and, even despite the significant number of women apparently involved

according to this account, they were still not believed by the men. Peter went to check for himself and found the tomb empty – but there is no mention of earthquakes, angels or visions in his case. Then comes the longer account of Cleophas and another disciple who encountered Jesus on the road to Emmaus but failed to recognise him. He passed the journey with them, rather boring them one would imagine, as he launched into a long history of Moses and the Prophets. Finally eating with them, when he blessed the bread, they recognised Jesus and he vanished. They hurried back to Jerusalem and were giving their account to the others when Jesus appeared suddenly in their midst. Jesus then asked them to handle me and see – for a spirit hath not flesh and bones – behold my hands and feet. Then he led them out to Bethany, blessed them and was lifted up. So, here is alternative three, yet another departure point for his Ascension.

So, now we have three differing accounts from the Synoptic Gospels. Was it before dawn or at the sunrise? Was it two women, three women, or more – Joanna or Salome? Were there guards or no guards? Did they encounter an Angel of the Lord, complete with earthquake and lightning, or a man in white, or two men in shining garments?

In all three versions, the women, whatever their number, appeared to be told to tell the disciples that Christ was not there – that he was risen. But what about the rest of the message? – To go into Galilee or to stay in Jerusalem? In Matthew, the disciples believe the

women and go to a previously specified mountain in Galilee where Christ makes his final appearance. In the versions of Mark and Luke, the women are not believed and there is no mention of a previously specified location. Christ appears in an upper room (in Jerusalem?) or among them in Jerusalem. And did his ascension to heaven begin in Jerusalem, Bethany, or on a mountain in Galilee?

A court might consider that there is a lack of consistency in this evidence and that the evangelists are unreliable witnesses. It is not a cause for confidence in 'the greatest story ever told'.

Finally, we can turn to John 20 for the fourth version of Gospel Truth.

(1) On the first day of the week, cometh Mary Magdalen early to the sepulchre, while it was still dark. The stone had already gone. Not going into the tomb, she ran to tell Simon Peter and to the other disciple Jesus loved. She tells Peter They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid him. Then Peter and the other disciple ran to the tomb, saw the linen clothes and nothing else. As yet they knew not the scriptures that he must rise again from the dead – which incidentally is a direct contradiction of Luke 24, 7.

The two disciples left, leaving Mary alone. Weeping, she looked into the sepulchre and saw two angels in white sitting, one at the head, the other at the feet of where the body of Jesus had lain.... They asked her why she wept and she replied Because they have taken

away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him. At this point, she turned round and saw Jesus standing there but did not recognise him. Supposing him to be the gardener, she asked him where the body had been taken. He called her by name. She replied – Rabboni – which is to say Master. Then he told her Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my father (20, 17). Again, this response from Jesus is in marked contrast to Luke 24, 39. Handle me – and later that same day in John 20, 20 and particularly 20, 27. He then told her to tell the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her. So, this she did. Whether or not she was believed is not recorded.

(20,19) That...same...evening – when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews... Note that it was not fear of the Romans ...came Jesus and stood in their midst. He breathed on them for them to receive the Holy Ghost. Given the importance of this concept in the development of the Holy Trinity, it is most significant that there is no reference to this at all at this point in the three Synoptic Gospels.

A completely different account of the coming of the Holy Ghost and its timing will be found in Acts 2 when the Holy Ghost comes at Pentecost, 40 days later. But John says the Holy Ghost came on the night of Easter Day. This transmission of the Holy Ghost gave the disciples the power to forgive sins or not, at their will. It would appear to be a passage designed by and for priests! It is not to be found in the Synoptic Gospels at all.

Then comes the account of Thomas who had missed the appearance of Christ to the disciples – number unspecified. Thomas refused to believe unless he can stick his fingers into the nail holes or his hand into the spear wound. So, eight days later, Jesus obliges and tells him to do precisely this. This makes an astonishing contrast to Jesus' words to Mary - *Noli me tangere* (John 20, 17).

John 20 continues at Verse 30: And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of the disciples which are not written in this book. This is a pity because they are not written in the books of Matthew, Mark and Luke either! John concludes (31) But these are written that you might believe..... More details might have made the reader more likely to believe! And why should the reader believe? After all, according to Mark and Luke, even the disciples did not believe Mary and/or the other women at the time! Why should anyone believe 2000 years later? And which of the contradictory accounts should they settle on for truth, if any?

But, unlike the other three evangelists, John does not end there. There is a final Chapter 21. Jesus appeared at the Sea of Tiberias to Simon Peter, Thomas (Didymus), Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee and two others. The disciples went fishing and caught nothing. Then Jesus told them to cast the net on the right side and the nets were so heavy with fish they were unable to draw them in – they counted 153 fish.

Then Peter recognised Jesus. They made a fire and after the meal, Jesus three times asked Peter if he loveth me more than these? Peter answered in the affirmative and was told by what death he would glorify God. Peter then turning round, saw the disciple whom Jesus loved following – Again there is confusion – at a meal – and said Which is he that betrayeth thee? Is this not an account of something that happened before his death? The book ends with confusion and another bold statement: And there are also many other things that Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.....

So, what exactly is the Gospel Truth? The one factor common to all the accounts is that early in the morning, be it before dawn or at sunrise, Mary Magdalen came to the tomb. The stone was rolled aside. There was no body.

And that is exactly what Mary herself says. And she describes how she saw him – not in the body but in her mind. She could feel him but not touch him. She told others of her experience. They elaborated, as men do. So we got the ‘Gospel Truth’.

But now, in addition, we have Mary’s real story, the real Gospel Truth. These real Magdalen Diaries give the only first-hand account of the events of the first Easter Day.

The existence of the Magdalen Diaries was made known to 40 million readers by Leigh Teabing in Dan Brown's novel *The Da Vinci Code*. It is just that in the novel, they are in the wrong place, for the wrong reasons, at the wrong time.

Historical Sources

At the present time, there are no historical sources of information about the life of Christ which are external to the New Testament.

Some Christian writers have claimed Josephus as an historical source, but others doubt the authenticity of the reference to be found in Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews* s.viii, iii, 3. According to this text.....*Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. Pilate....condemned him to the cross; those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold them and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named after him, are now extant at this day.*

The edition I have is a 1960 reprint of an original 1737 edition and is the most complete translation of the whole of the very extensive works of Josephus. Its author was William Whiston. He lectured at Cambridge in mathematics and natural philosophy and was appointed as deputy to Isaac Newton in 1701 before succeeding Newton in 1703. He read widely and published works on science, theology and fulfilled prophecy.

The Foreword to the Kregel edition is by William Sanford, dated 8th October 1960. An old, undated introductory essay by Rev. Henry Stebbing, DD ends with the following words: *There are few persons who have read his narrative that have not felt themselves more deeply impressed*

than ever with the solemn truths of scripture, and the tremendous certainty of the Divine Judgements.

Whiston's translation is followed by his seven comprehensive appendices. In the first appendix, he refers to the fact that, even in his time, as long ago as 1737, many had questioned the authenticity of this passage. He then quotes ancient texts which refer to Josephus as evidence that this Jesus text was part of the original Josephus text and not a later, cautious addition. However, its wording is very suspicious. It echoes closely *New Testament* belief, but gives no detail whatsoever of the life of Jesus. What is particularly surprising is the reference to Jesus as a man '*if it indeed be lawful to call him a man*'. This reference smacks of the claim to the Divinity of Jesus. Then the report of his rising from the dead on the third day, supposedly as an historical fact, is altogether too convenient.

Finally, the question must be asked as to whether these words sound like those of a Jew, a Pharisee. Would not the mere suggestion that Jesus was more than a man be blasphemy?

Christianity or Paulianity

Is it just an accident of history that has produced the phenomenon of the Christian religion, or was there really something different about this man? Some 2000 years ago, in what came to be known as Palestine, an obscure man tried, largely in vain, to tell an uncaring and unheeding world about God. A few of the people listened but the Establishment did not want to know. In vain he tried to make men understand about right and wrong, about God's concern for them in their lives. For his sins, he was executed in the way which was traditional for those who committed the sin of heresy.

Over the centuries since his death, the religion known as Christianity has developed. But, a better description of this religion, as practised today, would be Paulianity. St. Paul, managed to fabricate an entire theology and claim that this was the teaching of the man who had been sacrificed. These teachings owe little to the four evangelists of the New Testament - Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Meanwhile, various writers gave accounts of the life of Christ, improving on the reality with fanciful stories of miracles. In a way, they were perhaps the early forerunners of the writers of Hollywood, improving the 'dramatic content' for better sales.

St. Paul had hit upon a very powerful marketing ploy. He gave Christianity the concept of salvation through the sacrifice of the one who had died to redeem the sins of mankind. And the edifice of the Christian church was built on the treacherous sands of salvation in

the blood of the Redeemer. It was a very powerful idea and was able to be adapted into colourful ceremonies by the Christian church whose priests were then accorded the 'authority' to forgive sins.

The doctrine of the substitute sacrifice, of the innocent man paying for the sins of the guilty, is quite reprehensible. It is devoid of any moral foundation, however comfortable it may seem. It is as far removed as it is possible to get from the real reason why God sent Christ to warn men. Perhaps St. Paul was the first successful marketing executive in history. He correctly saw that Salvation would be a real market leader, streets ahead of Judgement and personal responsibility.

It appears almost in the nature of man that few can operate above the basest of motives. Most men cannot resist temptation of one kind or another - and women are certainly no better. And so there is a ready-made market always in need of forgiveness. Perhaps Paulianity is the earliest example of the success of 'market forces'. Should St. Paul not be made the patron saint of the advertising and PR industries, in recognition of his early contribution? After all, the practitioners are men and women who live by manipulation, lies and distortion.

But it is not just Salvation; it gets worse. The Catholic Church, in particular, has elevated the status of the Virgin Mary. It has turned a mere woman into the Mother of God. She is an object of particular veneration around the world today. Appearances and even miracles are regularly attributed to her. A billion Catholics are taught that

their sins can be forgiven by priests. So, is it indeed ‘Go forth and sin no more’ or is it ‘until the next Confession?’ And is the concept of priests having the power to forgive sins not merely derived from *John 20, 23*?

On the other side of the great divide, there is the Protestant faith, originally established to free men from the corruption which was the Roman Catholic Church. But the corruption here, too, is well entrenched. It is just of a different kind. The evangelicals who have taken over most of the Protestant churches have managed to virtually eliminate the older idea of God the Father or God the Judge of all the earth. In His place they have put the much more comfortable Jesus, the all-forgiving friend, a fantasy ‘pal’ who can be all things to all men. However bad you are, nothing can separate you from the love of Jesus. And do not forget he is always there to take over control of your life. After all, did he not die for your sins, for your personal salvation? Of course, the evangelicals are ably assisted by their new cohorts, the priestesses. The modern ‘employees of God’ race away from the real message of Christ as fast as their little legs can carry them.

Christmas and Easter

Even at the beginning of the twentieth century, the majority of people had some kind of a belief in God, a belief in life after death and that there was a heaven and a hell. In the First World War, the Germans and the British both believed God was very much on their side. I remember reading, some years ago, of a British soldier finding the body of a dead German soldier. On his cap badge were the words '*Gott mit uns*' – 'God with us'. This made quite a disturbing impression on the young man, for he had been told the same thing. The British priests had told him God was on their side. This cap demonstrated that the German soldier had the belief that He was, instead, on theirs. Who was right? Was either?

For at least half a century now, the main Christian churches have been in decline in the West. The Catholic Church may perhaps be gaining converts in the third world, but probably for the wrong reasons; only the ultra-evangelical churches are increasing. And given their cultic nature, intolerance of freedom of thought and expression, and unquestioning acceptance of the literal truth of the Bible, this is hardly a matter for any great optimism. The abolition of the concept of hell has not halted the decline. The churches are full at only one time of the year - and that is for Christmas.

Christmas is a time when a large part of humanity remembers the birth of the Son of God, albeit tacked onto a much larger section for whom it is a time for gross self-indulgence. But Christmas contains

many elements which people need. It gives a feeling of continuity, a link with the past, a link to their own roots, to their memories. The warm, mystical images of the Bethlehem baby story, with its census and the wise men from the East foretelling the birth of the Son of God, the music of the choir and the voice of the organ combine in a powerful, evocative manner.

At the heart of the Christmas story lies the myth of the virgin birth. This fable appears only in the gospels of *Matthew* and *Luke* in the *New Testament*, with the greatest detail in the latter. The story of Joseph being told in a dream, by an angel, of the virgin birth to come, appears only in *Matthew*, as does the second visitation by another angel. It is this second dream which provokes the flight into Egypt to avoid the slaughter of the Holy Innocents. None of these elements of the tale is mentioned at all in *Luke*.

The first seventeen verses of Chapter 1 of *Matthew* are concerned with the 'generations from Abraham to Joseph', some 42 generations to link Christ to the Patriarch. This was necessary to fit in with the prophecies concerning the Messiah. Unfortunately, Matthew was also quite impressed with the story of the virgin birth, that of the totally unsullied saviour. After all, sex is sinful, so the Saviour of mankind needed to be born without sin. So in Verse 18, *Matthew* tells of the virgin birth – *She was found with child of the Holy Ghost*.

In Verse 20, the Angel of the Lord appears to Joseph. The remaining verses 21-25 complete this account. But there is the problem. Thomas Paine tabulates the genealogies of Christ, tracing Christ back to David in both *Matthew* and *Luke*. They are totally different, one list having 42 names, the other 28. Even the people mentioned are different, the lists having little in common, bar the start at Joseph and a common ancestor in David.

Matthew says there are 42 generations from Christ back to Abraham but *Luke* lists 43 back to David, a rather distant ancestor of Abraham. Not content with such limited historical coverage, *Luke* goes zooming yet further back in time, tracing even Abraham's ancestry all the way to Adam 'the son of God' and hence God. See *Luke 3, 23-38*. Given the lack of written records at the time, his genealogical research is pretty impressive. He has been able to trace a family tree back some seventy-five generations, give or take a few. The term 'Son of God' had to be proved to be true genealogically.

This renders the family tree through Joseph a total irrelevance. It is an amazing feat of genealogy. Did he have access to the temple library of some early Mormon cult with a mania for collecting and recording genealogical information? Or did he have a friend who was he an early 'New Ager', perhaps a librarian with access to the Akashic records? Can we be sure that, in all these seventy-five generations, not one woman ever 'strayed'? I am reminded of my own attempts to trace the genealogy of the name Cocksey. I could not manage even ten generations. It is not a common name in

England and relatively easily traced, at least back to the period of Parish records. I spent quite a lot of time in 1978 and 1979 doing genealogical research at St. Catherine's House, just off The Strand. I had to make regular visits to London for Department of the Environment Standing Committee of Analyst meetings and also meetings of the Council of the Institute of Water Pollution Control. One day I got the idea to take the opportunity my London visits afforded me to trace 'Cocksey' back as far as I could. In the end, I was indebted to the Mormons for another generation or two, taking Cocksey back to the 1670s in Cheshire.

However, having spent the better part of two years on this project, I was quite angry to discover that it was all an utter waste of time. During one of my periodic visits to Manchester, my mother told me one day that my father's father was almost certainly not the man on the birth certificate. My father was born a few days before the Armistice in 1918. Unlike the rest of the family, he had a shock of red hair. When I thought about it, he was very different from the rest of them in other ways too. But my father did not want to talk about it. I was really angry. It was not because of his doubtful parentage, but because they had both let me waste so much time deriving a useless family tree. I was left wondering how many other proud genealogical works of art depicting the lineage of Britain's nobility are equally valueless.

But apart from the doubtful value of either Matthew or Luke's genealogical research, both set it at naught by recounting the tale of

the virgin birth, either immediately after it as in *Matthew* or even before it as in *Luke*. The link is broken before Joseph, who has no connection with Christ at all, if his is indeed a virgin birth. To cap it all, Luke throws in another highly unlikely connection, that of John the Baptist.

So the question must be asked of those who consider the *Bible* to be the unadulterated, infallible, unchanging word of God, “Was it that God got confused, even on the first page of the first chapter of the *New Testament*?” Or is it just more evidence of the hand of man, compromising, trying to include the conflicting, irreconcilable, but nonetheless highly appealing elements of the different traditions?

Yes, we all still sing the carols. They are evocative. Even to me they are a reminder of times in my past. Many I now interpret slightly differently. But a few I cannot now sing at all, knowing the words to be totally untrue in any interpretation.

But does any of it really matter now? The traditions of Christmas are in danger of being banned in Britain. It is offensive to the faith of others or to others of no faith. I noticed on my brief visit to New York at Christmas in 1985 that the buses displayed the non-committal, PC ‘Happy Holiday!’ It alternated on the electronic route indicators with the destination. It was all very high-tech compared with the roller destination boards of the twenty year old red Routemaster double-deckers which then took me up and down

King's Road in Chelsea every day, on my way back and forth between World's End and Sloane Square tube station.

After all, what does it matter what God you profess to believe in, as long as your real god is money, as long as you are a faithful disciple of that faith? Go forth and spend! The carols, the readings and the images of an idealised Victorian Christmas provide an evocative backdrop to the materialist season of conspicuous consumption which Christmas has now become. For most of the people who attend these services, it is merely a tradition. Otherwise, most do not go to church from one Christmas to the next. A minority will go at Easter also, if they are not too busy with holidays.

So why is it that this obscure man should have had such a resounding effect on world history? His message was largely ignored in his own lifetime. It was then corrupted by others and the corruptions were magnified again and again and again by subsequent generations of priests. But even so, corrupted remnants still hold something of a power to draw millions of people into churches at Christmas. Is it just the remnants of Paul's false teaching of salvation, or is there something in the hymns and the music that goes beyond the false doctrine, speaking to something much deeper, perhaps our very souls?

We live in a world that mocks religion. A majority of people in the West profess a belief in God, but do not act as though they really believe they are answerable to anyone. Too many leaders mock God

so obviously in their deeds even when, in many cases, they claim to be Christians. Their hypocrisy is only too evident. Their actions belie the words of their mouths. They talk of Christianity which supposedly teaches to 'turn the other cheek', to seek a peaceful way, whilst turning the most sophisticated weapons of mass destruction on their enemies. These enemies they conveniently classify as 'bad guys', the 'enemies of freedom', creatures who are somehow less than men. Those who see themselves as the 'good guys' are leading the world to a grisly fate; but they are just the latest in a long line of misleaders. Doubtless the Source of Intelligence has known for two millennia the destination to which mankind was headed and has long known its exact time of arrival. This is one train for which there will be no punctuality fines. But then, it is not a Virgin Express.

Easter is the second busiest time for the churches, when they remember the death of Christ and congregations mistakenly celebrate his sacrifice for their sins. 5th April 2004 was eighteen years to the day since Mary first came to us in the lonely hills of North Wales. I found myself writing the first version of this chapter. It just happened, by coincidence, to be the night of the full moon, the night of the 'sacrifice'. It was year 227 in the Alpha and Omega Codes, and 227 is the Code number for the Covenant, and hence for Mary Magdalen. It is time for Mary's story to be made known to the world. For the time of which she speaks so eloquently is now not far off.

Was it indeed God's Will that this lonely man should not be forgotten like his predecessor had been 1300 years before? We certainly cannot be sure of his name, but we can now have more of an idea of what he really said and what he really taught because his only true disciple has been sent to tell us all so that we might know the truth before the End comes for mankind.

The warnings become ever stronger and the voice ever more insistent. "Put your house in order. You have little time left." Perhaps it might be appropriate to borrow a phrase from the old sandwich boards carried round by men who could at least see the evils of the world they lived in "Prepare to meet thy Maker".

What our books have to say is new, but at the same time very old. They approach an old problem from a completely different perspective. God is choosing to warn this pseudo-scientific, hedonistic, materialist world that there is Something which it cannot comprehend through its science and which man cannot ever defeat, either with his weapons or his wealth. Ultimately, every person on this planet will be answerable to this Source of Intelligence.

It is all part of The Enigmas of Easter. 5th April 2004

Three Gods – or One?

The story of Christ is the story of the man whom Christians believe to be unique in human history, God incarnate. Christ himself never actually made such a claim, even according to the canonical gospels of the *New Testament*. In the gospels of the four evangelists, it is evident that Christ took pains to emphasise his separateness from God. This is very clear in *Matthew 19,17*, *Mark 10,18*, in *Luke 18, 19* and in *Mark 13,32*. Some might say that in *John 10, 30* ‘*I and the Father are one*’ is evidence of Christ’s claim to divinity. But might it not be one in purpose, as opposed to one in substance? Ironically, the text continues at *John 10, 31* with ‘*Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him.*’ That is certainly true, as Mary told.

The Holy Trinity, this triune god of Father, Son and Holy Ghost is as much the creation of the early Christian priests as was that of the composite god Amun-Ra by the priests of Amun in 18th Dynasty Egypt, around 1500 BC. The Council of Nicea in 325 AD formally accepted the divinity of Christ, which was the key step in the creation of the Holy Trinity. Both groups of priests tried to turn a mere man into God. Both systems of belief survived for equivalent periods of time, almost two millennia. But longevity of a belief does not establish its veracity.

Evidence for the authenticity of Mary Magdalen’s story comes through the myriad curious cross-connections surrounding its origin and subsequent attempts by us to make her story known as well as in

our trying to earn a living ourselves in totally unrelated ways. Her story is also authenticated, in part, through the story of another Daughter of God, Ankhsoun-pa-Aten, once Queen of Egypt. Her father, Akhenaten, was the 'heretic pharaoh'. He too, had tried to warn, exactly as did the unknown man from Palestine 1300 years later. In an exactly analogous fashion, that establishment tried to eradicate him from the pages of history because his God was not their god. Aten-Ra was not Amun-Ra. Their god gave them power. His God gave the ordinary man responsibilities but took away their power. However, man has always preferred power to responsibility.

Ankhsoun's land was conquered in the course of time by the Libyans in the 22nd Dynasty, the Persians in the 26th Dynasty and the Greeks in the 30th Dynasty. Cleopatra was the last Queen of Egypt and then, after the Battle of Actium in 31 BC, Egypt was merely a province of Rome, as was Judaea. Then, almost 700 years later, came the last in a long line of conquerors – the Arabs.

And, one might wonder, was it because Christianity had made such a fundamental error that God chose to inspire Mohammed in 622 AD, three hundred years after the Council of Nicea had made its grave mistake. The *Koran* is quite insistent that God is One. Furthermore, there is no salvation, only Judgement. All will be called to account. It is much closer to Mary's message. But the *Koran*, like the *Bible*, is not devoid of confusion.

Perhaps for a while, the followers of Islam tried largely to follow its precepts. Is that why the Arab civilisation flourished? The names by which we know so many of the stars are Arab names, for so many of them were named by Arab astronomers. Our western number system is of Arabic origin. Today we do not use Roman numerals, other than to number introductory sections in books or copyright notices on films and TV programmes. But did the Arab civilisation decline because the Arabs, too, in time turned away from God, back to their old ways, just keeping up hollow rituals?

Curiously, Egypt is unique in being home to both early Islam and early Christianity. At least until the advent of the 'War on terror', Christianity in Egypt was tolerated to a much greater extent than it is in most of the Middle East or the newer Muslim states. But the *Koran* is no more the unadulterated word of God than is the *Bible*. But there is an important difference. Islam today is like Christianity at the time of the Reformation. Criticism of their Holy Book, however intelligent, however well-founded, is simply not permitted in Islamic society. Either religious police, official censorship, or rent-a-mobs see to that. The Higher Criticism of the *Bible*, pursued notably by German scholars in the late nineteenth century has no parallel in Islam. But listening to many Christian fundamentalists, you could be forgiven for thinking such work had never been done on the *Bible* either.

But what is wrong with intelligent criticism? God gives us minds to use. Does God really want men to behave like sheep – or sacrifice

them, for that matter? God is far more concerned with how man lives than with what men ritually slaughter to supposedly make amends for the evils of how they live.

The stories of Mary and Ankhoun link across time, to each other, and to us now. But they also link to God – an Intelligence beyond any theories of space and time. Ankhoun-pa-Aten's story will be available shortly.

For the past 20 years, we have tried to tell of the warnings from a Source of Intelligence beyond space and time. It is a Source of Intelligence which is not accessible to man's latest technology, but has always been accessible to the mind of man. It is a Source of Intelligence which has a sense of humour, a wit and a precision which is beyond belief, a precision within space and time, yet beyond it. The Source is concerned primarily with truth, with right and wrong and with justice. Instead, the priests, of whatever hue, prefer to focus on love, rather like their supposed enemies in the New Age movement.

Man needs to know the truth before the End comes for, as surely as night follows day, the End will come. It is the End man has chosen, of his own free will.

Jesus and the Koran

There are a few sources other than the *New Testament* for possible information on the life of Christ. There are, for instance, the *Apocryphal New Testament* manuscripts which have emerged from various places over the last century, principally from Egypt. But there is also another source. Surprising as it may be to many, accounts of the life of Jesus are to be found in the *Koran*. It is therefore quite illuminating to examine the Koranic accounts of the birth and the life of Christ.

Some writers claim ‘Mohammed, who disclaimed power to perform miracles, firmly believed that he was a messenger of God, sent forth to confirm previous scriptures.’ But did God really act in such a contradictory manner, for only some of the scriptures are confirmed and others are denied? Some of those ‘confirmed’ scriptures relate miracles of the kind which Mohammed is said to have disclaimed.

Evidence from the Alpha and Omega Codes suggests that Mohammed was inspired by God, or Allah, the Arabic word for God. But if indeed he was inspired by God, sent as a messenger, what would be the point of his coming if he was only confirming the scriptures? As the *Koran* repeatedly claims, his purpose was to correct the errors that through time had been promulgated in the scriptures of both Judaism and Christianity. It is interesting to note that the same writers state ‘*The Koran accuses the Jews of corrupting the scriptures and the Christians of worshipping Christ as the Son of God....*’ It is

noteworthy that this criticism echoes exactly Mary's criticism of both the Jews and the Christians. So, has she been sent as one of the final messengers to correct these very same errors? For now the errors of mankind are even greater and are on prominent display in the Islamic world of today.

Different translations variously translate Christ's name as Jesus or Issa. The original written texts of the *Koran* had no vowels, just as is the case with Egyptian hieroglyphs. The vowels have been added in by the later writers and translators. So Jesus and Issa are not as dissimilar as at first they might appear. The *Koran* dwells at length on Mary and the virgin birth of Christ (s.iii, 45-47, s.xix 16-27). This seems quite remarkable, especially as only *Luke*, of the four evangelists, considers the virgin birth worthy of such extensive coverage. But the Koranic version makes no mention whatsoever of Joseph and has the prophet Jesus born under a date tree instead of the Bethlehem stable of the biblical myth.

It is hard to understand the great emphasis which the *Koran* places on the virgin birth because this particular myth serves only two purposes in the *New Testament*. First, it serves to separate Jesus from the sin of sex to enable him to be the pure sacrifice who dies for the sins of men. And secondly, the miraculous birth strengthens the claim to the divinity of *Jesus, begotten of the Father*, etc. Yet both of these doctrines are specifically denied in the *Koran*. Notwithstanding this, then the *Koran* adds a further, even less likely miracle of its own to the virgin birth story. Mary, after giving birth to her son under a

fig tree, presents herself to her family as an unmarried, virginal mother. To the surprise of no one, she is castigated for her lack of chastity. At this point, the new-born child, no more than an hour old, springs spiritedly to his virgin mother's defence. He proclaims that he is a prophet come into the world, a servant of God, and that on his death he will rise again. Ironically, all of this tends to suggest that Jesus was a man of considerably more importance than Mohammed for Mohammed's birth is not accompanied by such 'miracles'.

So what must have begun as a biblical myth would here seem to have been embroidered even further in its Koranic version. It is hard to escape the conclusion that this whole account has not come from any direct revelation to Mohammed but from some contemporaneous Christian texts which either had been already heavily embroidered or were elaborated at the point the story came to be written down in the *Koran*.

The *Koran* is ambivalent about the death of Christ. Sura iv, 157, referring to the Jews, said '*But they killed him not, nor crucified him, but so it was made to appear to them....Nay, God raised him up to himself.*' In s.iii, 52, there is even a claim that the disciples themselves were Moslems. It is as though things have been added into the *Koran* to widen its appeal to those of a Christian background, making it rather a composite book.

The *Koran* does not just attack the way the Christians had corrupted the teachings of Jesus, it also has strong criticism of the Jews which is evident in many places. An example is to be found in s.iv, 154, incidentally on page 229 of my edition.

A reading of the *Koran* would suggest that Mohammed's original inspiration spoke much of right and wrong, God's Justice, Heaven and Hell and the Last Judgement. The *Koran* refers to the Last Judgement around seventy times. This is at least twice as often as all the references in the *Old* and *New Testaments* combined. The *Old Testament* tends to talk variously of the 'day of the Lord', the 'great day of the Lord' and the 'day of Wrath'. Only the *New Testament* refers to the 'day of Judgement', and then only on seven occasions.

A vision of the last Judgement is only to be found in the last book of the *New Testament*, in the *Book of Revelation of St. John the Divine*, especially Chapters 4, 5 and 20. It is this description which formed the basis of John Martin's painting of *The Last Judgement*, a painting which has figured very prominently in many strange coincidences in our own lives, particularly over the past decade. That particular painting has contributed significantly to our deciphering of the Alpha and Omega Codes.

What both the *New Testament* and, even more so, the *Koran*, are reiterating is not a concept derived from the *Old Testament* but one whose lineage is more clearly evident in the Ancient Egyptian *Books of the Dead*. There is indeed much wisdom in *Psalms* and *Proverbs* but

it is wisdom concerning this world. It is lacking in information as to what follows on death.

The Ancient Egyptian *Books of the Dead* date from the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasty around 1300 BC. In various papyrus scrolls, the heart of the deceased is shown symbolically on a balance, weighed against the feather of truth, the symbol of Maat, Daughter of Ra. Thoth, the scribe, writes down the result of the Judgement, depicted either as before Osiris, Lord of Eternity, or before Ra-Harakhte, an aspect of the Sun God, Ra. As a result of the Judgement, the soul went either to the Elysian Fields of Heaven or to the Devourer shown waiting patiently beside the Scales of Justice. Of course, just as with the modern funeral service, the rich patron is portrayed in these scrolls as having passed the Judgement and finally coming to paradise. But what priest has ever dared tell his patron the truth; that his money is far more likely to buy him hell than heaven?

The *Koran* warns much of what lies in store for the rich hypocrites. What an irony that these words should have emanated from a poor and barren land that 1500 years later should become an oasis of black gold, ruled by precisely such men. But is oil not the Beast of the Apocalypse?

The *Koran* has many things in common with the *Bible*. As well as the concept of Judgement, you can find a quotation to support almost any position of belief at all, even if it is necessary to ignore the original context to do so. But ultimately, it is only the heart that

matters, as the *Books of the Dead* show. Is it a quirk of history that the only country in the Muslim world which has a strong, early tradition of both Christianity and Islam is Egypt? Until very recently, it was also one of the most tolerant of Muslim countries towards Christianity, standing in stark contrast to the cruelty, suppression and barbarism of Saudi Arabia, the guardians of the faith. In that country, Christianity is utterly suppressed.

But, is *kismet* a fact? Is there indeed a destiny? I only met Jenny because of a visit I made to a museum in Bournemouth, Hampshire in February 1986. The purpose of my visit was to see a painting by the Victorian painter, Edwin Long. It is called *The Two Holy Mothers* and shows Mary and Jesus on the traditional donkey, with Joseph striding purposefully alongside. In the middle distance is a procession to the goddess Isis, the statue being shown with her infant son Horus.

Then the finding of a magazine by my girlfriend in a newsagent's shop near the museum led to my following up an advertisement for Egyptian papyrus paintings. The magazine was *Prediction* and she had found the advertisement Jenny had placed for her business, *Nile Egyptian Papyrus*. So it was through my interest in Egypt and Jenny's 'past life' as an expatriate wife in modern Egypt that we were brought together. The true story of Christ has indeed come 'out of Egypt'.

Is that why some months after we had been given the true story of Christ through Jenny's trance experiences, we were given the true

story of a man much further back in history? This was Akhenaten, Pharaoh of Egypt, the earliest contemporaneously recorded man in the history of mankind to state unequivocally that there is but one God. And like Christ, he eschewed violence. He used the army to hack out inscriptions in the temples to the corrupted state god, Amun Ra.

There is one more word which should be considered in comparing the *Old Testament*, the *New Testament* and the *Koran*. The word translated as 'Salvation' appears in the all three works. In the *Old Testament*, it appears 57 times, 24 times in *Psalms*, 18 in *Isaiah*. But its use appears to relate to life in this world. It is used only once in my Koranic translation and even in that instance the term means reaching Heaven. It appears in the *New Testament* forty-one times. Sometimes its use is rather more of an *Old Testament* usage; often it is a new usage, that of salvation through the Sacrifice of the Lamb, the one who died to take away the sins of the world.

It is this latter concept of salvation which the *Koran* denies. Again, what Mary says accords much more closely with the Koranic view. And in its powerful affirmation that God is One, the *Koran* refutes the Christian Churches' doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Personally, I find the Koranic text a little difficult. Often it has God speaking directly. Sometimes God appears to speak in what is translated as 'we...' but in the same section this can sometimes change to 'I....' or even 'He.....'. It is unfortunate that 'We...' sounds rather too much like the 'Trinity' concept it is denying. At least 'I...' or 'He.....' is

quite unequivocal. Again, it points to confusion amongst the original sources. ‘We’ is explained as being a royal plural, but it still manages to convey a meaning contrary to one of the main edicts of the *Koran*. So, although Mohammed was perhaps indeed inspired by God to correct the errors of both the Jews and the Christians, it would seem that errors fairly quickly crept into this later revelation.

As Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, said so perceptively in the very first words of his *Preface* to the *First Book of Common Prayer* in 1549, in the reign of King Edward VI, ‘*There was never any thing by the wit of man so well deuised or so surely established, which (in continuāce of time) hath not been corrupted: as (emong other thinges) it may plainly appere by the common prayers in the Church, commonlye called diuine seruice:....*’

Biblical Error - The Need for Messengers

A disturbingly large number of people in the world today believe the *Bible* to be literally true, the exact word of God, absolutely verbatim, as it were. I was reminded of this some weeks ago when I endured yet another doorstep visit from local Jehovah's Witnesses keen to convert me to their version of 'The Truth'. I enlightened them about the excesses of Jehovah's people. They seemed unfamiliar with the *Book of Numbers*. They did not then 'stand upon the order of their going'.

Indeed, much of the Creationist movement in the United States is driven by 'folks' who believe that the *Bible* is without error. Such people could well have made the difference in the 2004 presidential election which returned a supposedly staunch, evangelical Christian to the White House, someone whose life was turned around when he came to 'know Jesus'.

Over 40% of Americans are reported to attend church on a Sunday, which would make them one of the most God-fearing societies on earth. Other aspects of American society cast doubt on the value of this statistic. Nonetheless, there is now a vocal school of thought which is promoting the belief that the Bible is without error, even if the same cannot be said about this same high profile Christian.

This was brought home to me a couple of days ago when Jenny returned from a doctor's appointment with a six month old copy of the New Zealand magazine *Investigate* which she had found in the waiting room. She read out to me a letter to the editor from a contributor in Vienna, Hans Weichelbaum. He complained that his arguments had been either ignored or misrepresented. His original contribution and this subsequent letter had arisen because the author and owner of *Investigate*, Ian Wishart, was promulgating the view that the *Old Testament* was totally devoid of error. In this edition, March 2005, the Editor replied to this letter and reiterated his claim at some length in a full article '*Tough Questions – A Viennese Waltz on whether you can believe in the Bible*'.

I had written to Ian Wishart myself some years earlier about my evidence, both for prophecy and intelligent design. The long personal reply I received was essentially a lecture on how Jesus died for all our sins. He hardly referred to a word I had written. Nor did *Investigate* publish any of my letter. So I could sympathise with Dr. Weichelbaum who, by strange coincidence, like me, has a Doctorate in Chemistry.

As Jenny read on, I became more and more irritated. How could any thinking, educated man claim that the *Old Testament* was devoid of error? As a result of reading this article, I wrote to Ian Wishart as follows:

I find your position that the *Old Testament* is 'without error' incomprehensible. You appear to believe that to admit to its error is

to also accept that God cannot communicate accurately with mankind. I have no doubt of God's ability to communicate accurately with certain men through the ages, be it through some of the *Old Testament* prophets, through Christ, or through Mohammed, and even through men who predated any of these. What I do not accept is the ability of man to convert this inspiration into written form and transfer it, free of 'improvements' even over decades, let alone centuries.

There is one very clear example of an error in transmission. It surprises me that no one has ever bothered to correct the world's oldest 'typo' at the end of the *Second Book of Chronicles* in the *Old Testament* at 2 *Chronicles* 36. Chapter 23 ends with the words '*Let him go up*'. At this point, it is not clear whether the original monk was caught short, stopped for his tea or was suddenly called to his Maker.

The next book of the *Old Testament*, *Ezra*, in effect goes back to the start of Chapter 22 of 2 *Chronicles* 36. There is a 'carriage return', new page, new section, and 2 *Chronicles* 36,22 becomes *Ezra* 1,1. And in *Ezra* 1,3, it then becomes clear where 'he' is to 'go up to'. The last sentence in the *Second Book of Chronicles* should end with the words '*Jerusalem which is in Judah*'.

I am indebted to Thomas Paine for first drawing this early typo to my attention in his book *The Age of Reason*. This is a book which catalogues the manifold errors to be found in both the *Old Testament*

and the *New*. However, as he only wrote in 1795, perhaps it is early days yet for the idea of biblical errors to get around.

You really should read what he says. He does believe in the existence of God. But unlike you, he did not accept that God could become as trivial and insignificant a creature as man, through some kind of sacrificial incarnation.

How much of it are you really familiar with? Have you never read any Biblical criticism? Or is it, as with the Jehovah's Witnesses, only carefully selected highlights which are read to the faithful? *'Behold a virgin will conceive'* or *'Unto us a son is born'* or *'Wonderful counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the Prince of Peace'*? The words are so memorable to us, so ingrained in our culture, but is there really any evidence they really refer to Christ? The context would tend to deny this. What does the *Old Testament* actually say? Is there not some confusion over the virgin who conceives (*Isaiah 7,14*)? Is it Mary or the prophetess (*Isaiah 8,3*)? And is the name of the child Immanuel to be Maher-shalal-hashbaz or, as it is later claimed in the *New Testament* and Christian tradition for this particular prophecy, Jesus?

'Unto us a child is born' – In fact, one would have thought *Isaiah 9,6* would be little short of blasphemous to the Jews – a child who shall be *a mighty god*. Consider the subsequent words *'... of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David'*. How on earth could that, in any shape or form, refer to Christ? Where is the evidence of the *'increase of his government and peace'* anywhere on earth, especially in Jerusalem, the throne of David?

As for Biblical truth, what kind of god is it that you worship? Have you ever read the account of the valiant deeds of the precious Moses in Numbers 31, 13? Having returned from a slaughter and pillage expedition, not only sanctioned but indeed at the behest of Jehovah, the captains of the Israelite army, in their hour of triumph find themselves admonished for not having slaughtered enough. After all, they had only killed all of the men of Midian. Clearly Moses had forgotten his Sixth Commandment – *Exodus 20, 13 – Thou shalt not kill!* His experience of the burning bush must not have made such an impression on him, after all. Maybe the tablets had got broken and he had a poor memory or perhaps it was a different God who had said that! He asks.....

15. Have you saved all the women alive?.....

17. Now therefore kill every male among the little ones and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him.

18. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves.

How do you or your god justify that? The justification, as given in *Numbers 31,16*, is that the Midians were the cause of the self-proclaimed 'Chosen People' straying from the ways of Jehovah. So the Midians all had to be slaughtered. But like everyone else, the Chosen People could surely choose for themselves. Why should others be punished for the free choices of the Chosen? Sound any bells with the sacrifice of the lamb?

Incidentally, have you heard of John Martin, the Victorian painter? His paintings tended to dwell on the theme of the Wrath of God – *Belshazzar's Feast*, the *Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah*, *The Flood*, *The Destruction of Nineveh* and of course his final *Judgement Triptych*. His painting of a self-evident *Old Testament* error hangs in the Freemason's Hall in London. It seems appropriate, for theirs is indeed a house of error. Any god will do, as long as you swear your Masonic oaths of allegiance on whatever god this is. If you progress through the higher ranks of Freemasonry, you eventually reach the 33rd degree, the Order of the Holy Royal Arch. In that ritual, you finally learn the sacred name for God – Jahbulon. Would that be the unholy trinity of Jehovah, Baal and Amon?

The painting to which I am referring here is *Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still*. It is based on the text of *Joshua* 10,12. What an amazing feat for Joshua to perform! The sun stood still over Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. This time it was the Amorites who were delivered up by Jehovah to the tender mercies of the children of Israel. But mass slaughter takes time, so the sun stood still for a whole day so that their worthy task could be brought to completion, that is if *Joshua* 10,13 is to be believed. One can sympathise. Mass slaughter in the dark must be difficult; some might escape the wrath of Jehovah. If *Joshua* is not to be believed, then your proposition falls. The *Old Testament* does contain error.

Clearly whoever wrote this piece did not understand the rules of planetary motion. But in 1609, Kepler's elucidations of the laws of

the planets made sleepless nights a thing of the past. Science had finally proved that there was an intricate order in the heavens. All was not chaos, after all. Kepler demonstrated, from his own observations and those of Tycho Brahe, that not only did the earth and the other planets revolve around the sun, but the path described by each planet was that of an ellipse, with the sun at one principal focus. Kepler then went on to work out his other two laws of planetary motion. Kepler's faith in both science and God was vindicated.

But I am reminded that it was with the same intransigence as you show that the Catholic priests and cardinals of the Inquisition imposed their version of 'truth'. Not long afterwards in 1633, they forced Galileo to retract his belief in this 'erroneous science'. He was made to admit that it is indeed the sun which moves round the earth. But his confession changed nothing. It merely saved his life. Contrary to appearances, the earth still moved around the sun, not vice versa.

God, as their creator, had known the laws of the planets all along, one can only suppose. It was only man who was slow to understand. So the error of the sun and moon standing still in Gibeon is man's error – not God's. But it is an error in the *Old Testament*, no less. It is a falsehood. Neither the sun nor the moon stood still over Gibeon or Ajalon, or anywhere else. As for either earth or sun standing still, can you imagine the forces which the tiniest deviation in the earth's orbit would unleash upon mankind?

The rest of the Book of Joshua is a tale of unmitigated evil. The walls of Jericho came down, thanks to Jehovah and the priests and their trumpet rituals. The worthy Israelites hurtle in and, as usual, slaughter everything that moves in the city, bar the prostitute who first helped their advance guard of spies. What a tale of valour and righteous living! Do you never wonder about the real nature of the god you profess to worship?

There is evidence that Christ was indeed sent by God to give a new Testament, but this is not exactly the *'New' Testament* we have today. That volume has been heavily corrupted by St. Paul. He should surely be celebrated as the first marketing executive in history. In the PR calendar, St. Paul's Day should be a public holiday, in recognition of his unique contribution to the profession of hype and lies. With a brilliant insight, he realised that 'salvation' had much more 'sales appeal' than the idea of personal responsibility and God's judgement. It is to Paul that we really owe the concept of salvation and the death of the lamb for the sins of the world. You are not a Christian, but a Paulian. Not satisfied with this gross error, the Christians went even further. The man who had been sent to turn men to God was turned by these same men into God. The Council of Nicea dotted the 'i's and crossed the 't's in 325 AD. So the triune god was born, the Holy Trinity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Is it just a coincidence that the *Koran* speaks so much of God's Judgement, much more so than does the *Bible*? In fact, the teachings

of the New Testament and the *Koran* have much in common, bar two things. First, there is no salvation in the *Koran*. Every man and woman is held accountable for his or her own deeds. It is a much more moral precept than the vicarious sacrifice of the innocent man/god for the sins of all mankind. Secondly, 'God is One' is thundered again and again and again in the *Koran*. So, did God send Christ to correct the errors of the Jews, if indeed *Numbers*, *Joshua*, etc be considered to be 'right living' according to Jehovah? Perhaps He got tired of all the burnt offerings, if *Isaiah 1, 11-15* is anything to go by. And did He in turn send Mohammed to correct the errors of the Christians who had succeeded in turning Christ into God, a god who 'died for their manifold sins and wickedness'?

In the course of time, the revelations to Mohammed were also corrupted. Strangely, the *Koran* even recounts the fable of the virgin birth of Jesus, but sets it under a palm tree, rather than in the Bethlehem stable. Not to be outdone, the *Koran* then invokes an extra miracle. The baby, barely an hour old, proclaims his purpose in coming into the world and foretells his eventual fate. He is compelled to do this in order to defend his virgin mother's virtue.

But man seems unable to free himself from the concept that his sins can be forgiven through rituals involving the sacrifice of others. The Old Testament hangs heavy with the stench of burnt offerings, despite the admonitions which come at the very start of *Isaiah*. Clearly God has the measure of man and his hypocrisy.

Was this insistence on sacrifice another error of the Jews which caused God to send Christ? If so, it was to no avail, because the man who came to show men the error of their ways became instead the ultimate sacrifice. This was the pure man without sin, not tainted even by sex, let alone killing, who was to be sacrificed for the expiation of the many. The sins of the many, past, present and future inhabitants of the earth would be forgiven 'en block'. The concept really is quite astonishing in its utter lack of morality. It has certainly done little in the past two millennia to improve the behaviour of man. Perhaps it has done the opposite. However black your sins, you could always 'truly repent'.

And if in time God did send Mohammed to correct the errors of the Christians, with their new found symbolic sacrifice of their triune God, He was to be disappointed there too. For the Moslems proved themselves unwilling to forego their ritual sacrifices for the new revelation. *Halal* slaughter has much in common with *Kosher*. For in that, the Moslems are far closer to the *Old Testament* than they are to the *New*. The same animal is taboo – the pig. Even today in New Zealand, all cattle are slaughtered with maximum cruelty in the *halal* way. Who cares about the suffering of animals bleeding to death, as long as the killing has a ritual purity to satisfy the lucrative export trade to the Islamic world? Was it by chance or design that my waste water treatment job has been for the past eight years in this particular field of mass slaughter? That job has helped in no small measure to confirm the truth of *Mary, Daughter of Elohim*.

The climax of the Haj occurs with the Eid el Adha, the feast of the sacrifice. Disasters at Christmas 1988 and Eid el Adha in 1990 were the two key events that led us to begin our deciphering of the Alpha and Omega Codes.

As for throwing stones at the devil at Mina, it is much easier than resisting the devil in your personal, home or professional life. There is no easy way out. Sacrifices are the currency of priests, not the currency of God. They are the ultimate flexible friend, your theological credit card. In time though, you pay the full price yourself.

As for '*Thou shalt not commit adultery*' we have the fine examples of the Patriarchs, Abraham, David and Solomon. Abraham merely hands over his wife to Pharaoh, as his 'sister', to save his skin. David has Uriah the Hittite killed because he fancied his wife. With Solomon, anything in a skirt will do. But this has all been explained to me by the devout as "things were different then"! John Martin was no more convinced than am I.

Too much of the *Old Testament* conveys the message that it is acceptable to Jehovah, indeed a duty, to slaughter in the name of a god. Perhaps we do not have the full text of the Ten Commandments.

Should the sixth commandment not have said *Thou shalt not kill (Israelites)*? Then the slaughter in the later *Books of Moses* would not

be seen as Jehovah contradicting himself. Perhaps it might have appeared too partisan to spell it out. It was just how it came to operate. I am reminded of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and the way the 'rules' were changed later on in the revolution as the Pigs assumed more and more the position of the usurped farmer. '*All animals are equal*' evolved into '*All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.*' The original edict '*No animal shall sleep in a bed*' was amended by the addition of the words '*with sheets*'. The edict of '*Go forth and slaughter*' is a message which is totally alien to the *New Testament*, although that has not prevented Christians doing precisely that through the ages. Unwittingly or not, perhaps they used the *Old Testament* examples for guidance.

Today the *Koran* is likewise misused to claim that the will of Allah is for good Muslims to kill in the name of Islam. '*Jihad*' used to mean 'struggle'. But the struggle which it was, and is ever more so, is for the decent to live an honest life in a world progressively more decadent and evil. It was this struggle to live a worthy life which in time would bring the reward of the glories of heaven, rather than the punishment of the torments of hell. Now *Jihad* means 'killing others' – back to '*Go forth and slaughter*', but with the bonus of '*a short cut to paradise guaranteed*'. Once again, false priests make false promises like Heaven, with its seventy plus virgins for those who die for Allah. But it would be interesting to know where precisely in the *Koran* this particular promise is to be found. Given the carnage which is Iraq today, one begins to wonder if there is not now something of a shortage of virgins in Paradise. Or perhaps the

balance is maintained through the numbers of innocent women and children who are also slaughtered? I suspect the original words which came to Mohammed referred more to the laying down of one's own life for truth and justice, not the indiscriminate slaughter of others.

In the past, neither Islam, through the lands of North Africa to Spain, nor the Catholic Church in Central and South America has hesitated to spread the faith through the edge of the sword. It has been reported that George W. Bush, in one of his 'religious experiences', was told by God to invade Afghanistan and then Iraq. It is not clear whether this message came through a tame priest, priestess or pastor, or direct from 'on high'. Either way, this 'god' appears to bear an uncanny resemblance to the god of the *Old Testament* – '*Go forth and slaughter*' – in the name of Freedom, of course. Is that the same god in new clothes?

Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, said so well in his Preface to the first ever edition of the English Book of Common Prayer in 1549, 'There was never anything by the wit of man so well devised or so surely established which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted.' He was referring to the 'commonly called divine service' as then to be found in the infant Church of England. But his words apply equally well to the versions we now have of the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Koran. Even worse is what men do, supposedly in the names of these Books.

Are we seriously to believe that all of these contradictory books, *Old Testament*, *New Testament* and *Koran*, are the unadulterated word of God, when common sense should cause us to want to separate the wheat from the chaff? There are elements of original inspiration to be found in each of these Books, but much else beside, much of it wrong, or at best misleading.

I have not a shred of doubt that God exists. He has warned mankind for millennia. On every occasion, man has corrupted the words of His messengers, over time. Even the corrupted, weakened words are ignored by the masses today. It is clear we live in the End Times. Thou shalt not steal, kill, covet, lust after.....Is there anything left which makes modern life worth living? How can anyone turn an honest profit?

But God did not cease to communicate with man after the death of Moses or of the prophets, after the death of Christ or the apostles, or after the death of Mohammed. God has inspired men over the intervening centuries. In music, Handel springs to mind. *The Messiah* was written in exactly three weeks, not by picking out his notes on a harpsichord either! In art, the works of John Martin are paramount. William Blake is another artist who stands out. In literature, many novels have strange elements of inspiration. There is Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* of 1726 and Morgan Robertson's 1898 novel *Futility* which tells the story of the loss of the *Titanic*, then 14 years in the future. Bram Stoker's 1903 novel *The Jewel of Seven Stars* is not without significance. Then there are also more recent

novels which appear to have strong elements of inspiration, such as *The Nostradamus Inheritance* (Raymond Leonard), *The Hammer of God* (Arthur C. Clark), and *The Hermes Fall* (John Baxter). Nor should the many inspired hymn writers and composers of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries be forgotten. The 20th century contributed few and probably the 21st will continue the decline.

The Source of Intelligence, whether known as God, Allah or Elohim, still attempts to communicate with men today, but it is a losing battle. Money talks today to a greater extent than ever before and men prefer to listen to that. And women are in no way behind in this regard; they may even be out in front. Two thousand years after Christ died, many things which are now happening in the world today would suggest that we have finally come to the End Times. We owe so much to the gospel of greed and the world of market forces. It is indeed a true Gospel for the End Times.

PART 4 - Last Words

I had not originally intended to include this chapter in this book. It was to be included at the end of *The Alpha and Omega Codes*. I had spent some considerable while searching on the computer for a modified version of the file which describes our various books. Instead, I found this file. When I opened it and read the words. I was struck by their power, just as I had been at the time the experience occurred.

The words are highly controversial but in fact all that they do is add a little more detail to what Mary tells us in her account. Parts of the attached text will be familiar from the introduction to this book, *Origins*. The rest came from a source beyond my mind, a source which I call a voice. I believe it was the spirit of another man who spoke these words, using my mind and the motor control mechanisms of my voice to convey this message. The spirit of Mary Magdalen spoke through Jenny in a like manner.

The fact that I found this now, just as I was looking to complete the very last section of this book, suggested to me that it was to be included. However, I was uncertain, as it is so controversial. The following words came into my mind:

You are to end the book with this. Put it in!

These words came at 11.57.11 pm on 15th October 2005. This was not a voice but **the** Voice.

It is not without significance that it was three minutes to midnight. Perhaps it is indeed three minutes to midnight on the Armageddon Clock, for man has little time left. These words are exactly the words that came into my mind from this outside source, and which Jenny wrote down at the time that I spoke them.

I came to check the layout on this page and did a final save of this final section of this book. I suddenly got the idea to check the time and my eye flashed to the computer clock, now showing 12.29 am on 16th October 2005. The File Save record gives the time precisely. It was 12.29.07, ie 12.29.7. It was yet a further authentication.

Book 1914, 9.26 am. It was the morning of 9th April 1998. Brian had been reading a pamphlet '*Renewal*' from the Anglican Church sent to the previous owners of our house. It is a very evangelical 'offering', pushing very hard 'Jesus is Lord, Jesus is love, Jesus is God; he died for your sins; you really should accept his sacrifice and acknowledge him as your Lord and Saviour.

Brian had just put the pamphlet down when he said "This god is not my God." Then he seemed to begin to drift far away. He closed his eyes. Then he started to speak softly and these were the words that came - but they were not his words:

No - that god is a false god, just the same god against which I spoke - but nothing changes. They killed me for what I said. The message is the same. The times have changed and man is worse than ever. Those words are not the words of the Father. They are a deceit. Prophecy! Hub! They couldn't even prophesy that the sun will set each day.

Man mocks the Father - more than ever now - and the Father is angry. I give you the true words of the Father. These lies, this filth is all to delude the minds of the weak and the faithless. Their hearts should tell them that this is false. 'Many will come in my name...' It doesn't take much to deceive them, does it? They create gods that please them or, even worse, they listen to false gods.

I gave my life for the Father's work. They took it sooner. It mattered not. There is little time now. All their stones could do was break my body, but not my soul. It matters not.

Hold fast to the Light of Elohim, for there is nothing else in this dark world. Storm clouds gather. Night approaches fast. Believe me, few will see the dawn - for thus it is written. The wisdom of the ages warns of the present time but man, with his arrogance and his so-called knowledge, believes he can change the future. By his stupidity, he is merely bringing to pass what was long ago ordained. He does not change the future by his actions, merely brings to fulfilment the ancient prophecies.

I say again, IF MAN HEEDS NOT THE WORDS OF THE FATHER, THE SUN WILL RISE WHERE IT NOW SETS!

At this point, it suddenly started to rain heavily. The time was 9.35 am. Perhaps this caused Brian to 'wake up'. He then got an idea for an introduction to this book and dictated the following words:

"The true story is that of the man who was killed because he tried to make men understand that God did not want rituals or sacrifices, that those who performed sacrifices or rituals worshipped a false god. He died because he threatened the power structure of the priests. He exposed the falsehood of their god, just as had Akhenaten thirteen centuries earlier. He died because of the evil of men. He did not die to take away their sins, for their sins are far too great. He died because of their sins.

And it is the story of the woman who loved him - the only woman that mattered to him, the only woman who supported him - not a virgin but a whore, well, a former one, but that had hardly been her choice.

Mary's story is very moving and at times you can see parts of the New Testament story. But in very important ways the story diverges. Christ's greatest crime was a religious crime. He spoke against Jehovah and so suffered the penalty for that crime. What would the Romans have cared? They didn't. So why would they crucify him? The answer to that also is that they didn't.

Yes, this book flies in the face of 2,000 years - or maybe 1,500 years of artistic portrayal of the crucifixion. Cruciform, perhaps, but not

crucifixion (more like an X, not a cross. No, not a cross, no crucifix, no cross.

Brian closed his eyes and once again he seemed to drift away. He spoke the following as he was made to feel the event in his mind:

*I just felt the stones bouncing to start with
Then they got bigger and didn't bounce; they thudded
Yes, they started with lighter stones
And then they got bigger and bigger ones just to torment
Just the pain to begin with...*

Suddenly Brian understood and began to explain. "They didn't want him to die too quickly. It was just a studied exercise in torture. So you can repent of blaspheming Jehovah."

Then it seemed to change back from Brian to the voice of the other. Was this why Christ was crucified - for sentiments such as these?

.....Jehovah!

Brian had seemed in a very deep trance, then drifting. He 'woke up' and talked about it. "Look at the time - it comes back full circle. The time of the Sacrifice. I could feel the stones, feel the pain, and then I started to feel the thud, the crunch."

"I think we have to produce that book first.

"I hadn't been aware before of the stoning. Through Mary, I had seen it from outside. Then almost aware but not aware, then the

pain, the sickening crunch, then nothing, then peace.... peace.....”

10.11

Again, came that other voice:

I was right.; there is only Elohim.

They cannot destroy my soul.

Only Elohim could do that.

They should be warned -

But they won't be.

PART 5 - A Biography of the Authors

Jenny Cocksey was born in Whangarei, New Zealand. Whilst working as a secretary, she met her first husband, a civil engineer. In 1968, they left New Zealand and hitch-hiked their way around the Mediterranean before settling in England. Expatriate contracts followed in Algeria, Egypt and West Africa, giving the whole family a broad experience of how others live. In Egypt, she fell in love with the art of that ancient land. It linked to a time almost beyond time, three and a half millennia before. She set up her own business, Nile Egyptian Papyrus, and opened a gallery at Hampton Court in Surrey.

Brian Cocksey was born in Manchester, England and read Chemistry at Oxford. After doing a D.Phil. in chemical physics, he followed a career in the water industry. He lived in the north east of England, working initially as an analytical chemist before moving into operational sewage works management. Events in his personal life provoked dramatic changes during 1984. He left the water industry in 1985 and became involved in psychical research.

But it was through his interest in Ancient Egypt that he met Jenny who, in time, became his second wife. She was able to help Brian with his psychical research in a unique way. That is how Mary's story came to be told. Was it Destiny that brought them together? Or was it the Hand of God?

They were led to emigrate to New Zealand in 1995. Brian found himself propelled into a new but highly relevant area of waste water treatment while Jenny continued her secretarial work and obtained a book-keeping qualification. Their work into the nature of psychical and religious experience continues, but Brian's work in waste water treatment appears to have come to an end. Perhaps, after thirty-three years, it has served its purpose.